

PLUCK AND LUCK

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Price 5 Cents.

JACK WRIGHT AND HIS MAGNETIC MOTOR:

OR, THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE SIERRAS.

By NONAME.



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CHAPTER I.

THE BOY INVENTOR.

Late in the afternoon of a hot July day the inhabitants of the thriving village of Wrightstown were startled by hearing a rapid succession of pistol shots, proceeding from the suburbs, followed by the wild yells of two men and the pounding of many equine hoofs.

The village was situated at the head of a pretty bay on the Atlantic coast, and was made up of fishermen's cottages, private residences, and one main business street lined by stores.

It was named after a celebrated inventor of submarine boats, who had died several years before, and who was succeeded by his son Jack, a fine-looking, dark-complexioned youth, of great inventive power, consummate courage, and immense ambition.

The boy resided in a stately mansion on the outskirts of the village, where, at the foot of his garden, he had built, on the bank of a pretty creek, a huge, brick workshop, in which he evolved a number of wonderful inventions worked by electricity.

With these strange contrivances, and accompanied by two friends of his who lived with him, named Fritz Schneider and Timothy Topstay, he had gone on many perilous trips, amassing a great fortune.

The boy returned home some time before from a wonderful aerial voyage, and since then had been working upon a most singular-looking motor, operated by magnetism.

Upon the day when our story begins, Jack Wright had finished his strange invention, and gone out for a quiet stroll along a country road to think over the result of his work, when the pistol shots, yells and pounding of hoofs reached his ears.

Aroused from a deep reverie, the boy came to a pause, and

glancing up he was amazed to see an immense cloud of dust coming along the road toward him, out of which the startling sounds he had just heard proceeded.

The boy's dark eyes opened with surprise, and he stepped aside, with his glance fixed intently upon the dust cloud, when there began to loom up in its midst, as it drew nearer, a herd of mustangs.

There were fully fifty of the ugly, bony, wiry little beasts, and they were rushing along, pursued by a man mounted upon the back of one of them, his stalwart figure clad in a suit of buckskin, his long, gray hair covered by a wide-brimmed sombrero that shaded his bearded face from the sun, while in one hand he held a long-lashed drover's whip, and in the other a smoking, navy revolver.

He was looking back over his shoulders when Jack saw him, and following the direction of his glance the boy observed that three horsemen, in Mexican costumes, were chasing him and firing revolvers as they came thundering along.

"Hello, there! What's the matter?" shouted Jack.

The mustang driver by this time was nearly abreast of the boy, and glancing over at him, with a start of surprise, he roared:

"Thar's three greasers arter my life, pilgrim."

"What for?" questioned Jack, withdrawing a peculiar-looking pneumatic revolver from his hip-pocket.

"Wanter rob me and steal these yere hosses!" came the man's reply.

"I'll stop them in their tracks for you," said Jack, who now saw that the three swarthy fellows in pursuit were Mexicans.

They were very dark, two of them past middle life, wearing beards, and the one in advance having only a mustache on his sullen face.

On swept the drove of mustangs and their owner past Jack, and the boy stepped out into the road and stood fearlessly in front of the oncoming trio of Mexicans.

Aiming his pistol at the foremost horse, Jack pressed the trigger.

No report followed, but there came a howl of the bullet, which was filled with a high explosive, and it struck the Mexican's horse and burst inside of the animal, killing it instantly. Down it fell, first upon its knees, throwing the young Mexican over its head upon the hard road, where he lay for a few moments, partially stunned.

The other two horses parted on each side of him, plunged ahead, and ere the young inventor could fire again or move, they came rushing along, side by side, almost upon him.

It seemed as if the two Mexicans designed to trample him down, and there was apparently no escape for Jack Wright, but he coolly measured his ground and remained immovable.

Between the two horses there was just enough room for him to stand and run the chance of escaping the iron-shod hoofs pounding him to death, as they passed on each side of him.

He dropped his pistol, and just as the two horses' heads reached him, he seized a bridle rein in each hand, jerked them together and leaped back.

The two horses, thus steered together, collided, went up on their haunches, pawing the air, their riders yelling like madmen at them, but they fell and dismounted the Mexicans.

With that agile, backward leap, Jack had let the two horses shoot past him just before they came together, recovered his pistol, and saw the Mexicans bite the dust.

In an instant the two horses arose, rushed away without their riders, and the pursuit of the plainsman was thus virtually brought to an end.

The wrath of the Mexicans was now diverted from the horse herder and turned upon the young inventor.

Covered with dust, their clothing torn and their faces distorted to the semblance of a demon's, the slim, active fellows scrambled to their feet, raving furiously in Spanish.

With one glance they observed the situation.

Their leader was yet unconscious.

Then they rushed at Jack, each of them drawing a long, gleaming dagger from their red sashes.

"Compadre!" hissed one of them. "This meddler did it, Pepe!"

"I'll murder that accursed whelp for his interference!" raved the other.

"Hold, senores!" cried Jack, ringingly, in Spanish, as he menaced them with his swaying pistol. "If you advance a step you both perish!"

The clear, decisive tones and the cool, undaunted air of the boy plainly showed these men that he would keep his threat.

Instantly they paused.

"He speaks Spanish, Mario!" gasped one.

"And he has the advantage, por mi madre!" answered the other, angrily.

"Run as fast as you can!" cried Jack. "Go back the way you came!"

"Carramba! Don't shoot!" yelled Pepe, in affright.

"Por Dios, senor, we will obey you!" screamed Mario.

"Go, then, ere I count three!" said Jack, grimly.

The two Mexicans started off, side by side, like deers, and ran so fast that they were soon at a safe distance away along the dusty road ere they vanished among the bushes.

Jack watched them, with his back turned to their leader.

This fellow had recovered, arose and crept toward the boy, with a knife in his hand, intending to stab Jack in the back.

As soon as he got near enough he gave a leap and landed on top of the boy, knocking him down in the road.

Jack's pistol was struck from his hand.

"Maledictions!" the Mexican hissed, savagely. "I shall teach you to interfere with Jacinto Velasquez! Take that!"

Down came his knife toward Jack's throat, when suddenly a club-like object struck his arm and knocked the blade spinning.

"Avast thar!" roared a bluff and hearty voice. "Haul to, yer lubber! I'll take yer abaft o' yer beam, an' dash my figgerhead, if yer won't tack back fer port wi' a broken jib-boom!"

Biff! bang! came two resounding blows, after these remarks, as two brawny fists struck out, and knocked the Mexican flying off his boy victim.

Jack sprang to his feet and confronted an old sailor of over forty, with a sandy beard, a glass eye and a wooden leg, with which he had kicked the knife from the Mexican's hand.

His ruddy face was aglow, he had a prodigious chew of plug in his big mouth, and he wore the garb of a man-of-war's man, for he had once served on the United States frigate Wabash in the navy with Jack's father, and found great delight in lying furiously about his exploits.

"Tim Topstay!" gasped Jack, in surprise, as he recovered his pistol.

"Ay, ay, lad!" cheerily answered the old salt, saluting his young friend.

"You arrived just in time to save me."

"I reckon as I'm allers on time, my hearty. Ther fack are as I follered in yer wake from the house, an' wi' one sweep o' my weather eye I seen wot that 'ere pirate wuz a-doin'!"

The Mexican arose, shook his fist at Tim, and poured out a vindictive string of blasphemy at him, intermingled with such horrible threats that Jack's blood ran cold.

"Clear out of here!" exclaimed the boy, interrupting the tirade of abuse, to all of which Tim was utterly ignorant. "I have driven your murderous friends away and you will follow them or I swear I shall put you in jail!"

He toyed restlessly with his pistol, and the Mexican moved away.

"I have got you both marked!" he hissed, vindictively, a black scowl crossing his face. "Remember! you have not seen the last of me! I shall never—never forgive the injuries you have done me. When we part your soul will be out of your body—I swear it by all that's holy!"

The rascal had registered an oath he meant to keep.

"Go!" exclaimed Jack, aiming the pistol at him.

The Mexican slunk into the bushes and disappeared.

He had hardly gone when the mustang driver came cantering back to Jack, to lend the boy his assistance.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINER'S STORY.

The man in buckskin did not have his drove of mustangs with him now, for he had driven them into a fenced-in lot, and he glanced around in quest of the three Mexicans.

"B'ars an' catamounts!" he exclaimed. "Whar are they, pilgrim?"

"The Mexicans?" replied the boy. "Oh, they went away—sick."

"Waal, I reckon! Cleared out the pesky varmints, hey?"

"Temporarily," replied Jack, with a smile. "Are you hurt?"

"Jist got a skelp wound, pard—'tain't nuthin' ter brag on, though."

He had a handkerchief tied around his head.

Jack saw that he was a Western character.

"How did you get hurt?" he asked.

"Ain't hurt nohow. It's only a scratch," insisted the mustang driver, emphatically. "No greaser kin hurt Apache Bill pilgrim—'tain't in 'em. When they wuz on my trail, a-firin'

arter me, ther wind from one o' thar singin'-pills pushed a smack o' skin offen my eyebrow, that's all."

"You are sensitive about the Mexicans, I see."

"Down in Arizony an' New Mex, whar I cum from, they're kinder got that 'ere idee sot in thar cocoanuts, an' I reckon they ain't mistaken. I never s'pected as Jacinto Velasquez an' his or'nary yaller leftenants wuz a-goin' ter trail me yere from Sonora, but they did it."

"The Mexicans are old enemies of yours, then?"

"Waal, I reckon."

"Any special cause for it?"

"Mebbe thar is. Me an' Velasquez wuz a-playin' ther game o' 'brisca' one night in a gamblin' diggin's, an' I won every doubloon ther cuss had. Then he put up a roll o' parchment, wot wuz wrapped in an Aztec vase, an' bet it agin my pile, but I won that, too, an' he tried ter kill me arterward ter get it back, but I got ther drop on him, put a ball through his ear an' he sneaked away."

"It must have been a valuable parchment?"

"Waal, I reckon! It wuz a full description o' ther Golden City o' ther Sierras, wi' plans o' how ter reach it, which no feller-citizen ever knowed on afore. An' as nobody could git thar without it, why, Velasquez jest broke his pesky heart over a-losin' it."

"What do you mean by the Golden City of the Sierras?" queried Jack.

"Wot! Never hearn tell o' ther Golden City, pilgrim?"

"Never," replied Jack, amused at Apache Bill's evident amazement.

The old fellow vented a long-drawn whistle, and opened wide his lips.

"Now, that's wot I calls plum ignorance," said he, decisively. "Everybody in Arizony knowed all about it for years past. But I'll tell ye: About a thousand y'ars ago, more o' less, thar wuz a tribe o' people wot went to the Sierra Madre an' began minin' ther gold up thar in ther wilderness. Thar wuz so much on it, b'gum, they built houses o' it an' named ther town ther Golden City. Ther Jesuits got in among 'em, somehow, gained control o' ther mines, an' afore thar expulsion from Mexico, they wuz in possession o' near' all ther mines in ther country. Then ther Apache Indians came an' killed every one o' 'em off. All traces o' ther mines an' people disappeared fer about fifty thousand y'ars——"

"More or less," interposed Jack.

"Waal, I reckon! Any way, them 'ere two mines, called the Tayopa an' ther Vajuopa, wuz fe'got till recent times, when the ancient church records in other Spanish dokymints showed the records o' thar existence some'eres. Hundreds o' expeditions wuz sent out ter find 'em an' ter locate ther Golden City, but they failed ter find 'em on account o' ther bein' located in ther roughest an' most inaccessible parts o' ther vast Sierra Madre regions."

"And you claim that the Aztec parchment you won fairly from the Mexican contained correct information of how to get this great treasure, and where to go and look for it?"

"O' course I do. It wuz give ter the Apaches by thar forefathers, an' Velasquez murdered one o' thar medicine men an' hooked it from him. That's how thar greaser got it," answered Apache Bill, vehemently.

"If he read the parchment why didn't he try to get the gold?"

"Lord a'mighty, pilgrim, how could that 'ere greaser read Aztec writin'? He didn't know wot it said, nohow. All as he knowed wuz that ther medicine man had said wot it wuz."

"And you have had the paper translated?"

"Waal, I reckon," assented Apache Bill, triumphantly.

"Then you intend to go after the treasure?"

"Can't do it alone. How could a fellow go up thar in that mountain among them redskins, an' cum back alive?"

"I don't see what good the paper would do you or Velasquez, then."

"Don't yer? Now that shows yer ignerence. I do. Wot bring me yere? I tell yer: When I wuz down in Sonora, I hearn tell o' a pilgrim named Jack Wright, wot made a flyin' machine, an' thinks I, that's jist wot I want ter git away wi' this 'ere treasure. So I sells out my minin' claim an' I bought a herd o' mustangs an' bronchos ter sell, an' shipped 'em north. Yestiddy we arruv, an' drove 'em yere, ter sell 'em on spec, an' then ter call on Jack Wright, an' buy one o' his flyin' machines, so's ter go arter this treasure."

Jack smiled with amusement.

"You have faith in the parchment, then?" he asked.

"Waal, I reckon. So'd you, if yer read ther paper."

"Suppose Jack Wright won't sell you a flying machine?"

"Then, b'gum, I'll whack up with him an' take him along."

"Have you any idea what it costs to build his inventions?"

"Nary a idee, but I've got ten thousan' dollars ter——"

"Ten thousand? Bosh—that's only a flea bite."

"Wot——" gasped Apache Bill, in surprise.

"Jack Wright's inventions cost to build, sometimes, half a million."

"Great howlin' coyote!" gasped the old fellow, astounded.

"But call on him," said Jack, encouragingly. "He will be very likely to treat you well, and may go in partnership with you."

Apache Bill breathed a sigh of intense relief.

"Much obleeged, stranger," said he. "Jest as soon's I sell them yere hosses I'll do it. Air yer goin' back to ther settlement?"

"Yes. But you can go ahead. Glad to have met you. We will soon meet again. Let me give you a word of warning—look out for Velasquez and his men. They have sworn vengeance and may try to assassinate you."

"Don't yer bust yer buttons a-worryin' ower me," replied the old miner, carelessly. "I ain't no prairie chicken, I ain't; an' I wouldn't want no more fun than makin' gibbets out o' them 'ere greasers. So long, pard, an' much obleeged to yer."

He waved his hand, got his mustang in motion, and cantered off to Wrightstown, his big spurs jingling like bells.

When he was gone Jack turned to the old sailor with a smile of amusement and said:

"Come on home, Tim."

"Ay, ay, lad!" replied the old sailor, stumping along beside him.

"You seem to be very thoughtful over what he said, Tim."

"Lor' bless 'e, lad, ther yarn he spun took ther wind out o' my sails."

"There was a ring of truth about it, though," said the boy.

"An' if that 'ere parchment log o' hissen gives ther bearin's o' ther golden port, be yer a-goin' ter veer off ter ther Sierras on a cruise o' discovery?" questioned the old sailor.

"That depends upon circumstances," answered Jack, reflectively, as they passed into the town. "If he should prove to me that there is such a vast fortune in it, wouldn't this be a grand opportunity of using my magnetic motor?"

Tim came to a sudden pause.

His solitary eye snapped fire, and he thumped his wooden leg and exclaimed, with a beaming smile:

"Shiver me timbers! but I never thought o' ther Hurricane afore! If thar's any machine in this Lor' blessed world as could make that 'ere v'yage successful it is yer new invention, ther magnetic motor, by thunder!"

They soon reached Jack's magnificent dwelling, and had just passed in at the front door when a tremendous furor reached their ears.

It came from the parlor in the voice of an excited Dutchman.

"Shack! Shack!" he was yelling. "Donner vetter, where you vhas alretty? Och Gott, dere vhas de tuyfel ter bay!"

The boy rushed into the parlor and beheld a short, pudgy little Dutchman, over twenty, with a fat face, yellow hair, and a stomach like a balloon.

He wore a suit such as he might have had built in his native land, and being of a pugnacious, excitable nature, he had worked himself up into a wild state of agitation.

This individual was Fritz Schneider, a fine electrician, a good cook and a companion and friend of Jack Wright.

The boy saw that Fritz was fearfully excited.

"Stop that row!" cried Jack. "Here I am! What do you want?"

The Dutch boy wheeled around and displayed a face as pale as death.

"Shiminy Christmas, such bad luck!" he groaned, seeing Jack.

The young inventor turned a trifle pale, and he asked, hurriedly:

"You have come back from New York with the truth, then?"

"Sure," replied Fritz, sadly. "All de banks haf failed where you vhas got your money, efery one of dem. Dere vhas a banic, und all of der beebles in dot city vhas near grazzy."

"Then I am nearly ruined!" exclaimed the young inventor.

He sank into a chair, overcome by the startling news.

Jack Wright had an immense fortune on deposit in the broken banks, and had sent his friend to the city to verify the rumor he heard of the coming crash.

In one day every dollar Jack possessed had been swept away, leaving him nothing but some real estate in Wrightstown.

CHAPTER III.

THE HURRICANE.

The character of Jack Wright was one which did not give way long to the pangs of adversity.

He soon recovered his composure, and arose to his feet.

"I am almost penniless, boys!" he exclaimed, "but all my regrets won't bring back the fortune I have lost."

Tears filled the eyes of his friends when they saw with what great fortitude the brave boy bore up under his affliction.

They each grasped his hand.

"I ain't lost a cent, my lad," said Tim. "All I have is yourn!"

"Und me, neider!" said Fritz, with a sniff. "Efery tollar ve haf vhas got troo you, Shack, und I don't vant none of it now."

They were both eager to turn their fortunes over to the boy, and their fidelity touched Jack's heart.

"You are both generous friends," he replied, emotionally, "and I shall never forget this kindness, but I won't touch your money."

"Yes, yer will!"

"Yer got ter tooken mine!"

"Not a penny!"

"An' why not, lad?"

"I von't take no for an answer."

"See here," said the boy, indignantly; "what do you take me for?"

"We don't offer it to insult yer, lad," Tim hastened to say.

"To because not!" added Fritz, emphatically. "Ve don't vant it."

"It's no use urging," said Jack. "Listen to me. I've got the prospect of winning another fortune if Apache Bill comes to see me. I'll retrieve my losses by accepting his offer and go off with him in the Hurricane to Mexico, after the Golden City of the Sierras. When I come back I'll be as well off as ever. That will fix it for me."

"An' ain't we a-goin'?" asked Tim.

"To be sure—if you wish to."

"Vell, I should laugh!" said Fritz, jocularly.

Just then a little red monkey named Whiskers, which Tim had once captured in Africa, came flying into the room, yelling like a fiend, with a big, green parrot perched on his back.

The bird was Fritz's pet, and he called it Bismarck.

It had its sharp beak fastened on the monkey's neck and was trying to bore a hole in his wind-pipe out of spite, for the monkey had mischievously pulled all the feathers out of his tail.

Tim and Fritz had no sooner seen the fight going on when they made a rush to separate their pets, and both made a grab together with such violence that their heads bumped with a resounding whack as they stooped over, and they were knocked sprawling.

"Holy Neptune!" roared the old sailor, rubbing his head, and glaring balefully at the Dutch boy. "What are yer a-doin'?"

"By Shorge, you vhas proke mine het!" bellowed Fritz, flying into a passion and returning Tim's glare.

The monkey and parrot fled and left their masters to quarrel it out between them, and Jack left the room, laughing.

"It's your fault, yer pot-bellied gorilla!" raved Tim, angrily.

"No, she vhasn'd!" snarled Fritz. "Yer oughter kept yer fingers by yourself, alretty, und den yer don't vhas got me by droubbles."

"Avast thar, now, or I'll wipe up ther floor with yer!" said Tim, and making a dab at the Dutch boy's nose he caught hold of it, gave it a twist, and scrambled upon his good leg.

Fritz gave a whoop as the old sailor pulled him up on his feet, and giving Tim a kick on the shin he knocked the ancient mariner's good leg from beneath him.

Down went Tim with a bang on all fours, when the Dutch boy gave him a sternward kick that sent the old sailor skating across the room on his face, yelling murder.

Fritz then bolted for the door, but he did not have time to get out in the hall before Tim heaved a music rack at him, full force, and it caught the Dutch boy over the head.

Over went the fugitive with a crash, and before he could arise Tim came out and pounced upon him, whereupon a terrific struggle ensued, which only terminated when they were both used up.

When they joined Jack at the supper table, half an hour afterward, they both looked as if they had been put through a threshing machine.

They found Jack questioning a servant who had been in the street.

"You saw the sale of mustangs?" the boy was asking.

"I did, sir," was the servant's reply.

"And how did they go?"

"Every one of them is sold now."

"Good for Apache Bill! Did they go cheap?"

"Very."

"That will do."

The menial bowed and withdrew.

"You fellows must have had a house fall on you," said Jack, with a broad grin, as his two battered-up friends met his view.

"Lor!" said Tim, affecting indifference, "this ain't nuthin'. I remember when I wuz aboard o' the frigate Wabash——"

"Shesn't!" interrupted Fritz.

"Belay thar!" roared Tim, fixing his glittering eye upon the Dutch boy, with a vengeful glare. "As I wuz obsarvin', it wuz durin' ther late war, an' I wuz captured, tied up in a bag an' tooken aboard o' the enemy's ship an' stowed in ther hold. They sot sail, an' durin' ther night a squall struck us. I runned up ter ther captin', and ses I——"

"How could you if you was down in the hold tied up in a bag?" asked Jack, and purely, as he went on eating.

Tim flushed and grumbled something about people not believing his yarns, and Fritz laughed till he choked.

It looked as if there would be a wordy war again between them, but Jack interrupted it by asking:

"Are you both at leisure for this evening?"

"Ay, ay!" said Tim.

"Yah!" was the reply of Fritz. "For vhy?"

"As soon as I finish supper I am going out with my new invention, to try it, and would like to have you go along," said the boy. "Every one in the village knows about its completion, as the local paper to-day had a full account of it, and know that I am going to give an exhibition trial of it as I usually have done with my past inventions."

Tim and Fritz expressed their delight at the proposition, and as soon as supper was finished they put on their hats, went out into the back yard and entered the workshop.

It was just at dusk, and the place being furnished with an electric light plant, Jack turned it on, illuminating the huge room.

In the midst of the apartment stood the Hurricane.

She was about forty feet long, built of aluminum, her running gear resembling the powerful machinery of a locomotive, the wheels being big, broad and cogged; there was a sort of cowcatcher in front, and above it stood a pneumatic gun of Jack's invention.

The turret or pilot-house back of the gun had a railed platform and searchlight on top, a wheel steering the front gear inside, besides various instruments hung on the wall for indicating speed, power and so on.

Two doors at the sides led out on platforms that ran to the compartments at the rear, and a door from the pilot-house led into a sleeping-chamber, adjoining which was a cook's galley.

Beneath the floor of these two rooms was an enormous electro-magnetic machine, which worked a walking-beam on top of the rooms, which in turn operated the driving-wheels.

Along the roof on each side of the walking-beam were two upright posts on each side, with cross-bars at the tops, on the ends of which a number of horseshoe magnets were fastened, to be operated to increase the speed of the motor if it became necessary.

The walls of these two rooms were pierced by circular windows, and hung from racks were crossed axes, scaling-ladders, ropes and other useful articles.

The rear compartment was a finely woven wire cage, transparent but bullet proof, pierced by three protected windows on each side, and having a door and steps for entering at the end.

This place was fitted up with arms and ammunition of all kinds, such as Jack Wright invented and designed to use, besides containing many other things, the use and kind of which will be explained as we proceed with our story.

This cage was used as a dining-room, and the entire machine was illuminated by electric lights furnished by a magnetic battery.

The three friends boarded the motor, and entered the pilot-house, where Jack assumed control of the wheel.

In front of the boy stood a table on which were several levers, connected by wires with the electro-magnetic machine, for controlling all parts of the singular motor.

The boy turned one of them, when the insulation of the armatures was removed, the magnetic armatures oscillating in and out of the shop ran the motor through the open door.

They passed along a path as lightly and noiselessly as a buggy; a man opened the street gate and she ran out on the road.

Up on the turret sat Fritz, and he sent two flags fluttering

aloft on the portable pole, while Tim went out on the side platform with a flag in his hand.

Jack remained at the wheel, steering, watching his gauges and indicators, and peering ahead.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and the young inventor turned on the searchlight and the incandescent lamps.

In a halo of silvery fire the motor ran into the main street.

Thousands of people had turned out to see the wonder, and a great cheer pealed from their throats when the Hurricane appeared, to which Jack's friends responded by waving their flags.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIAL OF THE MOTOR.

Away ran the motor through the streets, loudly cheered by the people, and when she had passed through Wrightstown the boy inventor left the wheel in Tim's hands and went into the stateroom.

Lifting the portable floor he closely watched the operation of the machinery.

It was worked by an enormous electro-magnet, consisting of a round bar of soft iron, bent into the horseshoe form, with an insulated wire coiled around its extremities.

Alongside of it were a number of cells of an electric battery connected with the magnet, a current flowing from it into the binding wire.

As soon as this current passed through the coil the soft iron bar became magnetic, and attracted the armature of steel with a sharp click.

When the current stopped the magnetic power disappeared and a powerful spring recoiled the armature.

The theory of the machine was to make and break the current alternately, to keep the armature swaying back and forth, and as the armature's movement operated the walking-beam, the walking-beam was thus enabled to revolve the driving wheels by its eccentric shaft.

The rest of the machinery, working somewhat like that of a locomotive without valves or piston rods was very complicated, and the wheels were on such flexible yet strong springs that scarcely any jolting was felt on the roughest road.

Everything was working like clock-work, the bearings being self-lubricating, and Jack was thoroughly satisfied.

He returned to the pilot-house presently and relieved Tim.

"She works like a charm!" he remarked, delightedly. "Powerful machines of this kind have often before been made with a view to supplant the steam engine; but such attempts both in regard to economy and constancy have hitherto proved utter failures. I am the first one to solve this great problem, Tim."

"Ay, now, and see ther speed as she's a-makin'—forty knots on a rough road, an' only half power on, my lad," said the old sailor, pointing up at the needle of one of the indicators.

"I expect her to make ninety miles an hour."

"Wot are this here lever fer?"

"That's the brake. Watch me stop her."

The motor was rushing along very fast, and the boy turned the lever when the air brakes were put on, the wheels were clamped and he shut off power by turning another lever.

Instantly the motor came to a pause.

The stoppage was so sudden, going at such a high rate of speed, that the machine bounced a few feet in the air and Tim was flung to the floor with a thud.

The Hurricane was started again, and giving the wheel a turn with the greatest of ease, Jack spun the motor around within her own length.

Reversing the engine the boy drove her along backward just as easily as she went forward, and when this was reversed again he sent her off the road over the grass among the bushes, over rocks, stones, fallen trees and through dense bushes.

She rattled and shook, now, of course, but she cleared every obstruction without sticking at anything, ripped a broad path through everything in her way with the cowcatcher, and finally ran back on the road again.

Her searchlight revealed, as if by daylight, everything for a mile ahead, and the incandescent lights inside radiated a mellow glow out through the windows, illuminating the path on each side for a long distance.

Fritz came down by a ladder from the turret and joined Jack.

"She vhas vent petter as anything you vhas effer yet in-wented!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Shiminey! Dot vhas a race horse vonet!"

"Wait," said Jick; "you haven't seen her full speed yet."

He turned the Hurricane homeward.

Then he put on full speed.

Away she dashed, like a locomotive.

It fairly made Tim's brain swim.

"Shiver me, lad, but it's a regular lightnin' express!" he gasped.

"You'll think so in a moment!" said the boy.

He turned another lever.

Instantly the magnets on the roof began to spin around at such speed that a shriek arose from them.

There were armatures fastened loosely before them, and they were chasing these vibrating pieces of steel, but never could catch them.

The Hurricane's speed increased.

Jack glanced up at a gauge on the wall.

"She is making one hundred miles an hour!" he exclaimed.

Everything along the roadway looked like a blur, they went shooting by so rapidly, and the boy had to close the windows of the pilot-house to keep out the fearful draught.

Along flew the Hurricane like lightning, when suddenly there came a crash and a yell, the cowcatcher having struck a carriage, and away in the air flew the smashed vehicle, the wounded horse and two men who were in the rig.

An ejaculation of alarm pealed from Jack's lips.

He shut off power and put on the brakes.

In a few moments the motor came to a pause.

He turned her around and ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred and heard the two men groaning.

They lay in the bushes at the roadside.

Their buggy was all smashed to pieces, and their horse was dead.

Jack operated the searchlight by a lever.

Turning its powerful glare upon the two men he saw that their clothing was torn, they were covered with dirt and cuts, and were both crawling back to the road.

"Why, they are the two Mexicans!" said Jack, upon recognizing them.

"An' they ain't even maimed!" exclaimed Tim, disappointedly.

The Mexicans now reached the road.

Catching sight of the Hurricane they gave a yell and ran away, showing plainly that they were not seriously hurt.

"Hoop-la!" yelled Fritz. "Looker dem. Dey don't vhas hurted alretty."

"I wonder what they were doing with the buggy?" muttered Jack.

"Why, it's a hired rig," said Tim. "I've seed it afore."

"The carriage is smashed and the horse was killed. Those two rascals had a narrow escape with their lives!" said Jack.

"Listen!" interposed Fritz, holding up his hand. "Vot's dot?"

"A cry for help!" exclaimed the boy.

"True, lad; an' it's a man a-hailin'!" observed Tim.

They listened intently and faintly heard a distant voice screaming:

"Help! Help!"

The sound came from the direction of the town.

Our friends glanced at each other in startled amazement.

"Some one in distress!" ejaculated the young inventor.

"Le's go back an' see wot's ther matter," suggested Tim.

Jack nodded and started the Hurricane.

Away she rushed, buried in a cloud of dust, keeping along the country road and heading for a woods through which it ran, on the outskirts of Wrightstown.

In a few minutes she reached the trees.

The cries they heard came from among them on the right-hand side, and Jack flung the searchlight among the foliage, when a thrilling sight met their view.

In the woods were two men struggling.

One of them Jack recognized as Apache Bill, and the other one was the Mexican, Jacinto Velasquez.

The plainsman was unarmed, but the Mexican clutched a knife in his sinuous fingers.

He was endeavoring to plunge it into the old plainsman, but Bill had grasped his wrist with one hand and his throat with the other, and thus held him at bay.

They struggled this way for a moment, when by a sudden twist the Mexican bent his victim over with his knee, and swearing at him in Spanish, stabbed him in the bosom.

"Murder!" shrieked the poor fellow, falling with a crash among the dead leaves and twigs, with the Mexican on top of him.

"Hush!" hissed Velasquez, furiously. "You will bring people here. Now, will you give me your money and the Aztec parchment?"

"Never!" gasped Apache Bill, wildly.

"Then I'll tear it from you by force!" the Mexican hissed. He thrust his hand into the bosom of his victim's jacket and pulled out a well-filled purse containing all Apache Bill's money.

"Thief! You've killed me!" groaned the old man, faintly.

"The paper! The paper! Give me the paper!"

"Not till I'm dead!"

As Bill spoke, he drew the parchment from his pocket.

The Mexican tried to tear it from his hand, but just then Jack turned the searchlight upon them and the Mexican recoiled, uttering a shout of alarm, and saw our friend.

Down from the motor sprang the boy, and, reaching the Mexican, dealt him a violent blow between the eyes with his clenched fist.

"Let go that paper!" the boy shouted.

"Jack Wright!" gasped the dying man.

"Have no fear——"

"I'm done for, an' a-dyin'!"

"No, no!"

"Take this paper. I give it ter you, an' you can git the——"

But ere he could finish speaking the death rattle sounded in the poor old plainsman's throat, and he stiffened out—a corpse.

He had placed the paper in Jack's hand.

"Vengeance on his murderer!" exclaimed the boy, turning around. But the Mexican had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE PARCHMENT SAID.

The tragedy filled Jack with intense horror, for upon glancing down upon Apache Bill he saw that the stranger was dead.

He then glanced mechanically at the parchment the plainsman had given him, and saw that it was covered with strange-looking hieroglyphics, to which was appended a piece of paper closely written over.

Fritz came running up to the boy, panting and foaming.

"Who's der matter?" he asked.

"Apache Bill is murdered!" the boy replied.

"Dot Mexico vhas done it?"

"Ay, and he has made his escape."

"Och, vhy his prains yer didn'd plo' off?"

"I didn't have a chance. He robbed the corpse, too."

"How much he taken oudt?"

"Over ten thousand dollars, I imagine, as the plainsman told me he had that amount, and by the sale of his mustangs must have increased the sum considerably."

"Shingonettys!" gasped Fritz, in amazement. "He vhas got some friend or vifes, or children, or don'd yer know dot?"

"Judging by his conversation he must have been all alone in the world, poor fellow," replied the young inventor, sadly.

"How in dunder he vhas gotten by dese vood's all alone?"

"Seeing me go by in the Hurricane, he very likely followed it to meet me and speak about his intended trip to the Sierra Madre. I have no doubt but that Velasquez and his friend followed him in the buggy we smashed, and the Mexican attacked him in the woods for the purpose of robbery."

Jack's theory of the affair seemed likely enough, and as they could get no better explanation just then they had to accept this view of the matter and be satisfied.

"Vat yer got by yer handt?" queried Fritz, pointing at the roll of parchment.

"The description of the Golden City of the Sierras. Velasquez was trying to rob him of it. I interfered in time to frustrate him. With his dying breath Apache Bill gave me the paper and told me to get the treasure. The secret belongs rightfully to me now."

"Dot vhas goot!" said Fritz, greatly satisfied. "But vot ve do now?"

"Carry this corpse to the morgue, apprise the police of what has occurred, and go home again. What a melancholy ending of our trial trip of the motor, Fritz!"

"I t'ink so, neider!" assented the Dutch boy gravely.

They lifted up the body between them and put it on the motor.

Jack then started the Hurricane back for Wrightstown, while Tim covered the body with a blanket.

The old sailor was put into possession of the facts.

Upon returning to the town they found the crowd awaiting the return of the motor, and our friends were received with the most intense applause, none of the spectators imagining what a grewsome burden the Hurricane was carrying.

Jack called a policeman aboard and then steered for the town hall, where he left the body and narrated what happened.

Officers were at once detailed to hunt down the assassin and his two confederates; the authorities of neighboring towns were apprised by telegraph to keep a lookout for the Mexicans, and the news spread like wildfire among the villagers.

Jack and his friends then returned home with the magnetic motor, and having put the machine back in the shop they repaired to the house.

Once in the privacy of the boy's beautiful little library, they sat down around the table and the parchment was spread out for examination.

It was a long, narrow scroll, made from the pulp of some kind of fibrous wood, and was as yellow as saffron.

Upon it were a number of faded symbols, delineated apparently with a quill pen, the ink very likely made of the staining juice of some tropical berry, faded and blurred, and entirely obliterated in some places. At the bottom were draw-

Pinned to the curious-looking scroll was a sheet of foolscap paper, upon which an English translation of the parchment was written.

Jack closely scrutinized them a moment, and then said:

"Poor Apache Bill did not lie to us, boys; this paper seems to contain all he claimed."

"Read it to us, lad," said Tim. "I'm mighty cur'ous about it, I am."

"Sure," added Fritz, lighting his pipe. "Go on vonct; I vhas retty."

The boy nodded.

He then read the translation as follows:

"THE LAST MAN.

"All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom and the sun itself must die before I, the last mortal, shall assume my immortality. * * *

"I saw a vision in my slumbers, which gave my spirit strength to sweep down the gulf of time, for I thought myself as the last of human mold, beheld by creations death, and thus I mourn. * * *

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare, the earth with age was wan, the skeletons of nations lay around me in my lonely watch on top of the mother mountain, looking over the valley of caverns below.

"Prophet-like, I lonely stood, thinking this spirit of mine shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark, and live again and shine in bliss, recalled by Him, who captive led captivity, took the sting from death and robbed the devil of triumphs. * * * * *

"I was the last of the Tarahumari race, oh sun! the native tribes had done away with all my kindred, but nature held me up, on the awful waste of mountains, to drink the last and bitter cup of grief to the dregs.

"Oh, sun, go tell the night to hide thy face, thou sawest the last of man on earth's sepulchral clod, viewing the end of his people's domain, now laid in ruins by the quaking of the earth, and the hand of man defy the darkening universe, then—I can look no more on the ruins. * * 'Tis a sad sight stretching below the cliff on which I stand—a vast plateau, the walls of the surrounding precipices gaping with cavern fissures, behind which lie the golden city of the mother mountain, where dwelt my people, and in the centre of the plain rise columns and temples, raised to the sun god. * * *

"In the cliffs, burrowing like moles, went the Jesuits in hunt for the golden ore, forming tunnels, galleries, pits and grottoes, until at last the Vajuopa and Tayopa mines were like unto a honey-comb, and still exhaustless. * * * * *

"The redmen came and drove them away; the quaking of the earth followed, and the plateau sunk, and now it lies below me full five hundred feet, and inaccessible to all but the savages, one of whom I followed at the close of this day.

"The sun had just sunk, and we put thee at our backs and followed the gloomy gorge till it was crossed by a yawning chasm.

"Here the sly redman entered an arm of the gorge, which made a circle, and came out in the main ravine again, to where it seemed that the chasm was not to be crossed by wingless mortal.

"He led me on to the valley and I found myself within its precincts, where the savages swarmed thickest, and then I retreated again.

"Let me commit this to papyrus—let it be said that I am the last of my race—that I viewed the fallen splendor of our once happy tribe, the extermination of the white man, the preservation of our wealth and the desolation of our homes. Oh, I can mourn——"

The writing abruptly ended here.

Jack sat pondering a moment.

Then he glanced at the diagrams at the bottom of the scroll. It was plain to be seen that they represented a mountain, on the western side of which there was a wide gorge crossed by a chasm, the side passage being clearly marked and the continuation of the ravine going up to near the top of the mountain.

Here a circular basin of great extent was depicted, and two openings in the walls with the names showed that the two lost gold mines were located there, while in the middle of the plateau stood the rude likenesses of buildings.

The style of composition showed plainly enough that one of the original natives who began the place, a man of intelligence, as his writing showed, had survived a massacre.

Sad and lonely he had returned to find that the white Jesuits, who had wrested the city from his tribe, had in turn been driven out by the Apaches, Nunis or Moquis, who then held possession of the sunken valley, for which so many treasure hunters had explored.

No doubt a treasure worth millions lay buried in the Sierra Madre, which Jack had only to fight for to get.

"What do you think of it?" he asked his friends.

"I tink dot vhas a chenuine baber," said Fritz.

"An' so do I, Jack," added Tim.

"I also have faith in it," said the boy. "Of course, the treasure may not be there now. Still it's worth trying for. We have gone a greater distance with less information and succeeded—on our last trip to India—so why shouldn't this prove genuine?"

"You vhas got ter make annuder fortunes, anyvay," said Fritz.

"True. And the Hurricane is just the kind of machine we need for this excursion," said the boy. "The field promises us scope for plenty of fun, adventure and a rich reward."

"Ay—then we'll go in sarch o' ther Golden City o' ther Sierras."

"Und I vhas in id also," said Fritz, enthusiastically.

"That settles it, then—we will go," said Jack.

"Vhen?"

"Next week."

"Ay, ay, lad!"

"Then let us begin fitting the motor out as speedily as possible for the trip," said Jack, briskly.

CHAPTER VI.

PELEG HOPKINS.

Although the authorities made a diligent search for Jacinto Velasquez and his two accomplices, Pepe and Mario, they found no trace of the murderer and his friends.

The Mexicans had made good their escape from the scene of their crimes, effectually baffling the police authorities.

During the ensuing week Jack and his friends busied themselves taking the Hurricane apart, packing it in a dozen large cases, as it was portable, and preparing themselves with such equipments as would be necessary for their trip.

Before their arrangements were all completed the boy met the captain of the police and the sheriff in the street.

"You are making preparations to go away, I see?" said the latter.

"I depart for Mexico next Saturday with my friends," replied Jack.

"Going to take the magnetic motor?"

"Of course. The traveling is too inconvenient to ride it there from here."

"Well, I wlsn you luck, Wright."

"If you empower me with a warrant of arrest," said Jack,

"I will keep my eyes open for Velasquez and his two friends, who may have returned to Mexico, and they may fall into my hands. I can make them prisoners, extradite them and send them here to pay the penalty of their crimes."

"Nothing would please me better."

The boy left the officers, and within an hour had the necessary papers at his house.

On the following day there came a furious ring at the door-bell, and Jack, happening to be near, answered the summons himself.

Upon the threshold stood a tall, thin individual, clad in a suit of black, a stove-pipe hat and a big choker collar.

He had a long, red nose, a smooth, thin face, and long hair, parted stiffly in back, lending him a grim appearance.

He flourished an umbrella in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, made a sweeping bow and exclaimed:

"Flunkey, be kind enough to admit me to the presence of your master, to whom you may announce Peleg Hopkins, Ph.D., and Piscatorial Expert of the American Fish Commission, Fellow of the Yankee Geographical Society, and Brother of the B. U. M. Fossil Association of——"

"By Jove! it's the professor!" exclaimed Jack, delightedly. The caller was an old friend, who lived in New York.

He had accompanied Jack on former trips he had made in his strange inventions, and had not recognized the young inventor.

Drawing nearer to the boy he bent over and peered in his face.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "I must be getting near-sighted; but, 'pon my word, I'm not much over forty-five. Jack, my Christian friend, I salute you. Let me feel your hand, dear boy!"

They went inside and Tim and Fritz were warmly greeted.

"Och, du lieber Gott!" said the Dutch boy, "I vhas shust gombimentin' Din dot you vhas a angel alretty, berfesser, und here yer vhas alife und shumpin,' ain'd id? How yer vhas, I hope?"

"My good friend," benignly replied Hopkins, "I am one of those singularly tough old roosters whom the wear and tear of time find hard to impress. Gay as a chipmunk, I assure you, and as spry as a dancing master. What's the news, pray tell?"

"I reckon as we're gittin' our shore hawsers hove free, perfesser," answered Tim, taking a copious chew of navy plug and giving a hitch at his pants. "We're under orders ter tack off ter ther southard by south-southwest aboard o' ther Hurricane a Saturday."

"What! Bless my stars! Going on a cruise?"

"Overland," interposed Jack.

"How?" queried Hopkins, with a perplexed look.

Jack rapidly explained.

The professor looked disappointed.

"I came up to spend a month with you," announced he, in glum tones, "and now you are going away. Really, my esteemed friends, you could knock me down with a straw."

"What's the matter with you going with us?" asked Jack.

"Can I? Can I? I pledge my word I'd be delighted to go."

"Then you are one of us."

"Actually I feel like cheering, I'm so delighted."

"You can get ready in time, can't you?"

"I'm ready now, dear boy."

"That settles it. Do you know anything about Mexico?"

"Well, now, there's a question to put to a man who has spent nearly two years traveling through the Sierras."

"So—then you have been there before?" eagerly asked Jack.

"As the agent of the American National Bug and Worm Society," proudly answered the old antiquarian. "Look upon me, friends. In Peleg Hopkins you see an old traveler and mountain trotter. Put your expedition under my guidance

and I'll guarantee you a safe journey; go alone, and when you come back you'll be bald-headed and your scalps will adorn the wampum belt or buffalo tepee of some forest brave of the Apaches, whose language I speak."

Jack saw that they would have a most valuable acquisition in the eccentric professor, and felt glad he came.

Over their supper that night they gave him all the details, and as he was perfectly familiar with the country they were going to, they spent a pleasant evening discussing the matter.

Jack had been in correspondence with the Secretary of State, and that gentleman had done everything to open the way for his trip through Mexico, so that he and his friends were sure of a cordial reception by President Diaz when they arrived there.

Through the courtesy of the Mexican president, the boy was granted free passage through the custom house for his baggage and supplies; he was given the privilege of a military escort whenever it might be needed, and he was furnished with numerous letters of recommendation to prominent people to render him any needful assistance.

The professor's main object was to make ethnological and archaeological researches, as the unexplored region was a rich field for prehistoric fossils as well as for mineralogy, botany and zoology.

The region they intended to visit was the favorite haunt of the Apache Indians, who had for two centuries been actual masters of all that district, devastating the valleys at the foot of the Sierra Madre, both to the west and east sides.

The Mexicans never entered Sierra Madre, the Indians parleying them and holding the neighboring pueblos in abject subjection.

In many places crosses on stoneheaps mark the sites where the victims of Apache massacres lie buried, and the Mexicans hated the savages so cordially they shot them on sight.

There is a reservation in San Carlos, Arizona, from which the Apaches are continually breaking away to ravage the surrounding country.

It was likely that the remains of the primitive tribe of Tarahumari might yet be found living in caves and cliff-dwellings—that tribe to which the man evidently belonged who wrote the parchment.

The vast mountain district was difficult of approach.

It would take eight days on foot to climb its highest ridges, and it teemed with extensive pine forests filled with deer, bears, huge woodpeckers, able to cut down trees, and many ravenous birds and beasts and savages who hated white men like poison. Yet in the midst of all these obstacles there lay a vast and dazzling treasure which Jack was bound to get.

He was undaunted by the peril of the undertaking; in fact, he looked forward to the hazardous adventures with a keen feeling of delight.

The day of departure came at last.

They had shipped the dissected motor by rail to Arizona, and armed with a gripsack apiece, amid the farewells of the entire population of Wrightstown, they boarded a train and were carried away on their long trip, taking Whiskers and Bismarck with them.

Their route carried them to St. Louis, from whence they went on to Santa Fe, and thence down through New Mexico to El Paso on the frontier.

Here their cases were awaiting them, and the motor was reconstructed, the professor taking charge of the photographic apparatus, the anthropometric, meteorological and geodetic instruments, assaying outfit, spirit cans and other apparatus.

In two days everything was in readiness for departure on the plain outside of the town, and Jack, Tim and Fritz were aboard of the Hurricane, waiting for Hopkins.

The professor had remained behind in El Paso to make a

few purchases and had promised to join them at eight o'clock, but it was after that hour now, and Jack became uneasy.

"What can be keeping him so long, I wonder?" he muttered.

"Here he comes now," said Tim, pointing back toward the town.

The professor was running at the top of his speed, and they hardly had time to see him when out of El Paso dashed three horsemen in hot pursuit of him.

The bright moonlight streamed down upon their gorgeous Mexican costumes, and showed their faces plainly, and Jack gasped:

"By heavens, they are Jacinto Velasquez and his two friends!"

Just then the professor tripped and fell.

Up to him dashed Velasquez, and the unlucky professor was dealt a blow that rendered him senseless, whereupon the Mexican lifted him up on the saddle before him, and the three dashed away.

"Holy Moses!" gasped Fritz, excitedly. "Dey vhas got Hopkins a brisoner!"

"An' may kill him ter spite us!" groaned Tim.

"Never! if I can overhaul them with the Hurricane!" cried Jack.

He turned a lever, grasped the wheel, and away rushed the motor over the grassy plain in pursuit of the three horsemen.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PUEBLO.

The Mexicans were mounted upon remarkably fine horses, and sped away to the northwest like the wind.

They had half a mile the start of Jack, and were urging their fiery steeds along at the top of their speed, for they had seen the motor and anticipated pursuit.

Away they went like the wind, the motor flying after them as they made for a distant mass of rocks amid which there clustered a small pueblo or village.

Jack was amazed to see them there.

"They must have come down from New York State the same way we did," said the boy, "and landing in El Paso, I suppose they saw us there, and have been scheming to get one of our number in their power."

"I tink so, neider," said Fritz, "und she looks by me as if dey vhas succeeded alretty somedimes mit dot berfesser, ain't id?"

"D'ye think as they've killed poor Hopkins?" queried Tim, anxiously.

"No," replied Jack. "I've been looking at him through my glass, and I saw that he is only senseless. See—we are gaining on the rascals fast, and they see it, too. Arm yourselves!"

Tim and Fritz rushed back into the cage, and procuring a couple of the pneumatic rifles from the racks there they went out upon the platform.

Faster and faster the flying motor bore down upon the fugitive Mexicans, until the rascals were within fifty yards of the pueblo among the rocks.

"Once they get among those houses," exclaimed Jack, "we may never rescue Hopkins alive. Fire on them, boys!"

Up went the rifles to their shoulders, and the old sailor and the Dutch boy began to fire.

No sound save the thud of escaping air left the weapons, followed by the howl of the bullets.

But when these conical balls struck any resistance, being of a percussion nature, and loaded with a high explosive,

they burst with ten times the report of a rifle crack, and the flying fragments of the tiny bombs tore everything around to pieces.

Tim and Fritz aimed at the horses.

Both missed the first shot.

The second volley brought Mario's and Pepe's horses down, dead.

Both riders alighted ere the beasts fell and ran away.

Velasquez's mount went plunging ahead with flying mane and tail, and the Mexican dug the rowels of his long, clanking spurs in its flanks, and urged it on with his voice and the long rawhide lariat fastened to the big pommel of his saddle.

Such swift riding Jack had never witnessed before.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" the boy cried.

Biff—thud!

Biff—thud!

One after the other spoke the rifles.

Away screamed the bullets, but the Mexican swerved his steed, and as there was lots of daylight under the now foam-flecked beast, it managed to escape the bullets which struck the ground ahead, and tore it all up amid two terrific explosions.

"Escaped!" muttered Jack, in deep mortification.

"We'll rake him fore an' aft this time!" asserted Tim.

"Vhas yer retty?" queried the Dutch boy, eagerly.

"Ay, ay, lad—now!"

Zipp! zipp! screamed the bullets.

One of them struck the Mexican's mount this time, and it came to a pause, uttering a neigh of pain as the ball exploded with a smothered report inside of its body.

Up on its haunches it leaped, pawing the air for an instant, and throwing Velasquez to the ground.

"Hurrah! You've hit him!" cried Jack, delightedly.

Down fell the horse, dead, a moment afterward.

The Mexican sprang to his feet, grasped the recumbent body of the professor, slung it over his shoulder, and, glancing back at the motor, he started on a run for the pueblo.

His two friends had preceded him.

Their shouts and the explosions had brought all the villagers swarming out from among the rocks, to learn the cause of the disturbance, every one of the swarthy fellows being armed.

"Help! Help, comrades!" yelled Velasquez, in alarm.

"Don't let him escape!" screamed Jack, excitedly.

"Ay, lad; but if we fire we may hit Hopkins," demurred Tim.

"Shoot at his legs!"

"Hoop-la!" roared Fritz. "Here she vhas!"

Biff—thud! pealed his weapon, but he missed his mark.

The Hurricane had been flying ahead in pursuit of the Mexican, and was almost upon him when the villagers aimed their weapons, and standing in a solid phalanx, they fired.

An exclamation burst from Jack.

The turret windows had been standing wide open, and a dozen bullets came flying in around the boy.

It was only by a miracle that he was not killed, and the leaden messengers hummed around his head and shoulders and flattened themselves against the metallic walls in back.

"Come inside, boys!" he shouted.

Then he turned a lever, and automatic steel shutters slid out from their grooves and instantly closed up the windows.

This was hardly done when another volley came rattling against them; they were as bullet proof as the rest of the motor, however, and consequently were not pierced.

Velasquez rushed among his friends with the professor in his arms, and in an instant was lost in the crowd.

Jack steered the Hurricane straight at the gang of Mexi-

cans, and although they tried to get out of the way it struck some of them.

Up into the air and right and left they were pitilessly knocked, the frightful cow catcher cleaving a passage through their ranks, and their excited voices creating a clamor.

They scattered like sheep and fled before the dreadful engine, and the Hurricane dashed on, bombarded on all sides by rifle and pistols shots, all of which struck harmlessly against the metallic sides of the machine without penetrating.

Fritz and Tim each went back into the cage, and, stationing themselves at the loop-holes with their weapons, they opened fire upon the yelling horde.

On went the Hurricane, straight into the main street of the pueblo—streets that were very narrow and reeking with filth, the one-storied adobe houses abutting the sidewalks and making them so narrow that only one person could traverse them at a time.

Several barking dogs ran snarling out of the way, a few wiry little burros, with packs of matting slung across their backs, were pulled down the side streets by their masters and the crowd ahead retreated, flinging back all kinds of missiles at the motor, interspersed with curses and pistol shots.

There were but few women in the rabble, but Jack and his friends saw them behind the huge, iron-barred windows of the houses, surrounded by negress servants, peering out in terror.

Jacinto Velasquez was among the rabble ahead of the motor, and as the young inventor drove the machine ahead, faster, the crowd arrived in front of the largest house in the town, when Velasquez darted into it with his victim.

The door was slammed shut, bolted and barred, the rest of the crowd went on, and the Hurricane paused at the house.

"He has gone in here!" shouted Jack to his friends.

"How are we a-goin' ter git him out now?" gasped Tim.

"I'll show you!" the boy replied, determinedly.

He turned the muzzle of the pneumatic gun toward the door.

"Fritz, bring out our suits of mail!" he exclaimed.

The Dutch boy complied, and they attired themselves in the impervious armor, whereupon the boy turned a crank and loaded the gun for a hundred shots, by turning a crank at the butt of it which protruded into the pilot-house.

He then opened the reservoir at the breech, inserted a number of metallic cylinders, and then locked it again.

"Tim, as soon as I fire I'll leave you in charge of the motor," said the boy. "Fritz, you and I will enter that house together and rescue the professor. Get our weapons."

He turned to the switch table and pressed a button.

With a scream one of the cylinders was blown from the gun, and striking the door it burst with a loud intonation.

The door was made of thick planks studded with big brass-headed nails, but that solitary shot shivered it to fragments.

Several people standing on the other side of it were blown to pieces, and the survivors rushed away, screaming, like madmen.

The three navigators, in their suits of polished aluminum armor looked like ancient knights, their belts being adorned with carbon points, knives and pistols, while each one gripped a small, keen broadsword in his hand.

As soon as the door was demolished, Jack and Fritz ran out on the platform and descended a ladder to the ground.

Fearlessly advancing through the open doorway, they found themselves in a room that led into a square courtyard in the middle of the building, filled with flowers.

This place was packed with Mexicans.

On the ground lay the professor, now entirely conscious, and over him knelt Velasquez, aiming a pistol at his head.

"Stop where you are!" the Mexican yelled. "If you advance another step I will blow your friend's brains out!"

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORY.

Jack and Fritz came to a pause, and the boy hastily whispered:

"Turn the electric batteries on and take your carbons out."

Upon their backs were metallic knapsacks containing the most powerful batteries, from which ran several wires to some carbon points which they carried thrust in their belts.

They hooked the swords to their belts and turned thumb-screws on the breastplates, which put the batteries in activity.

Withdrawing a carbon in each hand they brought the points obliquely together, and pointed them at the Mexicans.

With the most sibilant hisses the ends of the carbons burst into flames and streaks of fire, filled with thousands of glittering sparks, darted out with lightning-like rapidity a dozen feet in advance of them, straight toward Velasquez.

Burnt and smarting, he gave a wild yell, and bounding to his feet, recoiled with his hands raised to fend off the fire.

The rest of the Mexicans were just upon the point of attacking them when these fiery darts were spurted at them in semi-circles, and burnt their clothing, seared their skin, and scorched their faces.

"They are not human!" shrieked Velasquez, in tones of the most intense terror. "They are demons of another world. Save me—save me!"

A tremendous uproar arose on all sides.

One of the more courageous of the lot aimed his pistol at Prof. Hopkins and was just about to kill him when the quick, keen glance of Jack detected him in the act, and he darted his electric flame at the rascal.

With a seething hiss it struck him in the face.

"El demonio!" he yelled, staggering back, with a piercing scream of pain. "I am done for!"

"Retreat!" roared Velasquez, frantically.

They rushed away pell mell.

The professor bounded to his feet.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he groaned. "They've murdered me."

"Take him back to the motor!" cried Jack.

"Come on, berfesser!" exclaimed Fritz. "Got behind me vonct."

"In heaven's name, dear friend, do not burn me!" implored Hopkins.

"Nein! Nein! Vot you tink? Ve vhas come to safe yer."

Hopkins got behind Fritz just as the Mexicans reached the other side of the courtyard, dodged into the rooms that lined all sides of the square, and opened fire upon them.

With ringing sounds the flying bullets struck the suits, but when Jack constructed them they were made to resist ten times the shock of a rifle bullet at close range.

Consequently the firing did no harm.

Protected behind Fritz the professor backed out of the yard and they left Jack alone to repel the gang, and found Tim busy keeping the street crowd in check.

They were bombarding the motor with clubs, cobble stones, firearms, and in fact everything they could lay hands on, from tops of houses, out of windows and doorways, and in fact from every point from whence they could fire without exposing their own bodies.

Had the Hurricane not been constructed with a view to resisting just such assaults as these, she would have been smashed to pieces.

As it was, not even a dent was made in her body.

Fritz got the professor safely inside of her, and they lent their assistance to the old sailor at repelling their enemies' shots.

Left alone in the courtyard, Jack made a rush for the rear

apartment from whence his enemies were storming him, with the intention of getting Velasquez in his clutches to put him under arrest.

He sent his flaming darts ahead and saw some of the Mexicans climbing out of a rear window and escaping into a back street, where many of them vanished.

Just as he arrived close to the door one of the natives flung a stone water-jug at him and striking one of the electric wires it broke it in two.

The current was broken and the flame ceased to emanate.

His carbons were now rendered utterly useless.

An exclamation of dismay burst from the boy's lips, and his enemies soon became aware of his misfortune.

With their fears relieved, now that the fiery element was spoiled, they came swarming out to attack him.

Jack replaced the useless carbons in his belt and drew his sword.

He then retreated toward the street, when, to his disgust, he saw Velasquez go climbing out the back window and make his escape as the others had done.

"He has gotten away!" he muttered, angrily. "There is no use of my remaining here any longer. I'll go."

The Mexicans were, of course, amazed that none of their bullets or missiles had the least effect upon the boy, but that did not impel them to stop firing at him.

Everyone who had not fled came rushing toward him.

"Stand!" yelled one of them. "We will knock you to pieces!"

There were a number of them armed with machetes or sugar-cane knives, and some with short-handled axes.

With these weapons they expected to hew the boy to pieces; but as they sprang forward to attack him he cried:

"Come on! I do not fear you!"

He planted one foot forward, paused defiantly, and as one of his antagonists rushed in and aimed a blow at his neck with an axe, he swung his sword around, countered the weapon and cut the handle in two.

Before the man who wielded it could get out of the way Jack caught him a whack on the head with the flat of the sword and knocked him flat on the ground.

The rest of them closed in around the plucky boy, but he never flinched, his sword flying about like lightning, warding off blows, delivering cuts and driving his enemies back.

A terrific struggle ensued.

The Mexicans were thirsting for vengeance.

All the bitter rancor was aroused in them.

But Jack Wright fought like a gladiator.

It was one of the severest struggles of his life against odds.

Yet he held the Mexicans at bay and he drove them back and knocked them down. He wounded, stunned and killed several, and, without receiving a scratch through his invulnerable armor, he put them to flight.

Yes, he actually frightened them, and those who yet remained became so filled with dread of him that they fled.

Victorious, panting and half exhausted, he stood with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, viewing the scene of his victory with pardonable pride.

"I have won!" he gasped, triumphantly.

The last man had gone out through the rear window.

Jack returned to the monitor and glancing up he saw that a crowd of Mexicans upon an adjacent housetop were in the act of hurling an old, rusty cannon down on top of the Hurricane.

If such an enormous weight as that struck her, falling from so great a height, it was bound to break the motor and perhaps kill some of her crew.

Seizing a lever he rapidly turned it.

Ahead shot the engine just as the gun fell.

The Hurricane almost seemed to leap ahead as the great weight flew down through the air.

She escaped it.

The gun just grazed the rear steps.

It then struck with a terrific bang upon the roadbed.

But the car was saved.

A sigh of intense relief burst from Jack's lips.

"A close call!" he remarked, drily.

"Very true, dear friend," replied the professor, turning pale. "Where's Velasquez?"

"Made his escape, confound it! Let's leave here."

"With all my heart," said Hopkins, with a shudder.

"How came the Mexicans to attack you at El Paso?"

"They must have spotted me there and pursued me when I was on my way out of the town to join you. Where are we?"

"At a small pueblo near El Paso," said Jack, steering the motor out of the place. "Velasquez carried you here on horse-back."

"Ah! I see. The wretch nearly knocked my brains out!"

Pursued by the robbers at a safe distance, who kept up their fusillade of missiles, our friends got out on the plain again and headed for a pass through the Sierras to get on the Pacific slope side of the mountains.

Ahead of them there stretched a vast plain, and the motor shot away over it through the night, and soon left the pueblo and its frantic inhabitants many miles behind.

The sky was obscured by heavy cloud banks, and going at an easy pace with her searchlight glaring ahead, the Hurricane passed out like some grim monster of another world. Our friends had an excellent supper prepared by Fritz, and dividing their force into two watches Jack and the professor remained on duty and Tim and Fritz turned in.

"If our first adventure is a sample of what we are going to get in the future, I'm afraid we are going to have a red-hot trip," said Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

SAVED FROM THE SAVAGES.

"Help! help! help!"

The morning sun was rising over the plains when this thrilling cry pealed out on the soft, balmy air and startled the inmates of the motor, who sat in the cage at breakfast.

The Hurricane had come to a pause among the cluster of trees not far from the village of Santa Marina, and the sound of many pounding hoofs reached the ears of the four travelers.

Jack glanced up hurriedly and beheld a young girl, clad in the pretty costume of the Mexican women, mounted upon a snow-white mare, go flying toward the pueblo.

Behind her there came an avalanche of Moquis Indians, mounted upon fleet-footed little mustangs, their feather head-dress, war-paint and waving spears plainly showing that they were a roving band, hostile to the white settlers thereabouts.

The redmen were yelling like fiends—a dozen strong—and riding bareback with a consummate skill never to be rivaled.

It was evident at a glance that their wild ponies were gaining upon the white mare, and the boy saw that they desired to capture the girl alive, as no weapons were discharged at her, although the braves were within easy firing distance.

In advance of the yelling horde there rode a big warrior, whose attire proclaimed him to be the chief of the band, and as Jack glanced at him he was whirling a lasso over his plumed head and then let it fly.

Out spun the line through the air, rapidly recoiling until the huge slip-noose spread and fell over the girl's body.

She was caught fast.

A wild scream pealed from her lips.

The Indian could not check his flying pony at once to dislodge the girl from her horse, and went after her at break-neck speed, the warrior clinging to the line.

Jack had bounded to his feet.

"Arm yourselves!" he cried.

Then he dashed into the pilot-house.

In a moment he sent the Hurricane flying out from among the timber upon the plain, and away she rushed in pursuit of the savages like a whirlwind.

Faster and faster sped the motor, and rapidly she gained upon the ponies, until at last she came up to them.

They heard her flying wheels and buzzing magnets, and, with cries of alarm, were about to scatter when the machine dashed in among them with a shock.

Right and left the ponies were scattered.

Straight through their ranks swept the flying motor, mowing the redmen down like chaff before the wind.

Only the chief remained ahead of them.

With a jerk at the bridle he brought his mustang to a pause; it arose upon its haunches and the abrupt tug brought the lassoed girl from her mare to the ground.

As quick as a flash Jack drew a pistol from his belt, and, taking quick aim at the chief, he fired.

A wild cry of pain pealed from the lips of the chief.

His grasp on the lasso relaxed and he toppled from his pony.

Down he fell, with a thud, to the ground, and his mustang rushed away to the right beside the girl's mare.

By this time Jack's friends were busy at the loop-holes in the cage, with their rifles blazing away at the rest of the startled band, who returned their fire with arrows and spears.

The boy brought the motor to a pause near the fallen girl, and flinging open the pilot-house door he descended the ladder.

The girl was half stunned by her fall and Jack ran up to her side and released her of the tightly drawn noose of the lasso, whereupon she quickly recovered.

Despite the national attire she wore the young inventor quickly observed that she was an American girl.

"Saved!" she murmured faintly as she observed his kindly face.

"You had an escape, I can tell you!" Jack replied.

"I should not have ventured out riding unattended."

"Are you injured?"

"Only bruised from my fall."

"Live near here?"

"In yonder pueblo with my father."

"You are an American?"

"Exactly. I am the telegraph operator."

"And your father?"

"He is the station agent on the railroad."

"Ah! Come, get aboard of my motor," said Jack, seeing that the remainder of the Moquis were circling around toward them.

He assisted her aboard, she expressing her astonishment at the singular contrivance, and gratefully thanking the boy for saving her from the power of the Indians.

The Moquis now fled, and Jack exclaimed:

"There's no use troubling with them any further!"

He then started the Hurricane toward Santa Marina, and drove her into the town, arousing the amazement of every one. The railroad depot was soon reached.

Here a tall, bearded American—the girl's father—was met and told what happened to the pretty telegraph operator.

His gratitude knew no bounds, and he thanked Jack over and over again for having saved his child.

After he had expressed his curiosity over the magnetic motor, he turned to Jack and remarked:

"Poor Bertha! She is always getting in trouble. It is not more than a month ago that she had another narrow escape."

"What happened to her then?" queried Jack.

"Her life was attempted by a rejected lover."

"Indeed! He must have been a scoundrel."

"He is the most desperate Mexican in the country—a gambler of Sonora, and a rascal whom I despised. But he is gone now, and I hope I'll never lay eyes on Jacinto Velasquez again."

"Jacinto Velasquez!" echoed Jack, in surprise. "Was he the man?"

"Yes. You look surprised. Did you ever meet him?"

"I have. He is my worst enemy to-day."

"Then beware of that man. I warn you he is an assassin."

"My dear friend, I am already aware of his character."

Just then a train came in, which was bound for Fort Buchanan, and the station agent excused himself for a while, till he attended to the receipt of some freight.

The girl Bertha went out with her father and approached the engineer of the train, who was her accepted lover, to tell him what had happened to her, as he and the fireman alighted.

Jack stood in the station doorway.

The motor containing his friends was some distance away, and as the boy glanced up he was suddenly amazed to see Jacinto Velasquez and his two friends.

All three of the Mexicans had just ridden into town.

They saw Jack, and were earnestly conversing, but did not seem to be the least bit disconcerted.

In fact, they dismounted and deliberately walked past him.

"You have reached Santa Marina ahead of us, I see," coolly remarked Velasquez, with a sardonic smile, as he came abreast of the boy, and his two friends passed on.

"You scoundrel!" ejaculated the young inventor wrathily. "How dare you show such a brazen front after all the villainy you have been doing?"

"Bosh! Don't excite yourself, youngster!" coolly replied the audacious wretch, flourishing his hand. "I am not afraid of you or any one in this town or I wouldn't have ventured here, you may depend."

"You will not leave this place at liberty!" said Jack, hotly, as he drew a pistol. "I have got a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Apache Bill at Wrightstown, and the robbery of all his money. And I mean to apprehend you, too!"

"Indeed!" was the sarcastic reply. "Well, just defer your operations a few moments, senor, for I see a former lady love of mine talking to my rival, and I have something of importance to tell her."

He made a polite bow and walked away.

Jack was amazed at his brazen effrontery.

"He's a cool customer. But he is planning mischief," the boy muttered. "There's deviltry lurking in his dark eyes. I'll keep within range of him, and see what he is up to."

The Mexican leisurely walked up to Bertha, and tapped her arm.

"I want you!" he exclaimed, pleasantly.

The girl gave a scream and recoiled, and the engineer and fireman glanced up at Velasquez and recognized him with glares.

In nowise daunted the Mexican seized the girl, flung her into the locomotive cab and followed her in with agility.

Both of his friends were crouching down there, for they had uncoupled the locomotive from the train, and got in on the other side.

"Away!" cried Velasquez, ringingly.

One of his men was an expert engineer.

He started the locomotive just as the engineer and fireman recovered from a stupor of astonishment over Velasquez's

audacity, and made a rush for the cab as they stood some distance from it.

They were too late, as the Mexicans acted like lightning, and no one dared fire, for fear of wounding the terrified girl.

"She is mine—mine—mine at last!" yelled Velasquez.

And the next moment the locomotive was rushing away, leaving all the girl's friends on the depot platform, powerless and struck with horror.

CHAPTER X.

A TRYING POSITION.

Had every one not been rendered powerless for a moment by the brazen rascality of the Mexicans, and acted more promptly, the girl might not have been abducted so easily.

The engineer ran after the moving locomotive to board it ere it gathered speed, but Velasquez fired a pistol shot at him and he fell to the ground wounded.

In a minute more the locomotive was going too fast for any one to overtake it, so no pursuit was attempted.

Everything had been done so rapidly, unexpectedly and so systematically that Jack, the engineer and the fireman, who were the only immediate witnesses of the occurrence, did not have time to act ere it was too late.

A moment afterward Bertha's father saw what happened. He turned as pale as death and uttered a frantic cry.

"My child! My girl!" he moaned.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack, deeply chagrined, "here's a go!"

"They have abducted her!" groaned the station agent in horror.

"Did you see who it was?"

"Yes—Jacinto Velasquez!"

"How fast can that engine travel?"

"She's old, and never makes more than thirty miles an hour."

"I'll chase her with my motor and save the girl!"

The agonized father gave a start and a glad smile.

Before he could utter a word Jack was gone.

The boy reached the Hurricane, sprang aboard, dashed into the pilot-house and started her after the flying locomotive along the side of the roadbed.

His friends ran into the turret.

"What's the matter, lad?" asked Tim, in surprise.

The boy rapidly explained how matters stood, filling his friends with amazement, and winning their hearty endorsement of his plan of pursuit.

"How far dot locomotiff vhas aheth alretty?" queried Fritz.

"She has a lead of about two miles by this time."

"Can you overhaul her, dear friend?" queried Hopkins.

"If we don't meet with accidents or obstructions we can."

"Sich coolness o' that 'ere greaser's wuz only beat once," said Tim.

"How was that?" queried Hopkins.

"It happened ter me when I wuz aboard o' ther frigate Wabash——"

"Here vhas anudder lie!" growled Fritz.

Tim glared out of his one eye at the young Dutchman.

"Belay!" he roared. "I ain't a-talkin' ter you, yer swab!"

"Go ahead with your story," said the professor.

"Waal, sir, it happened this way: Durin' a ingagemint I wuz taken prisoner by the enemy, an' rammed into a gun. They aimed me at my own ship, an' ses I ter ther gunner from inside o' ther gun: 'Yer ain't got me aimed straight enough, messmate. Yer didn't 'low fer ther rise an' fall o' ther waves. If yer fires me off now I'll go clear ower ther mizzen riggh' without a-touchin' ther hull. Lower yer muzzle a p'int,' sez I as cool——"

"Ain't you stretching it just a little?" mildly asked Hopkins.

"Lor' bless yer, no!" said Tim, warming up to his yarn, until he actually believed he was telling the truth. "Ther gunner did wot I sergested, and touched her off——"

"And away you flew?"

"No. Ther blamed ole gun busted at ther breech, an' blowed ther skylights offer ther gunner, an' when my ship-mates captured that ship I wuz pulled outer ther gun wi' nuthin' ther matter wi' me but some gun soot blackenin' my nose."

The professor looked relieved.

He expected to hear that the old liar had been shot from the gun and landed safe and sound on the deck of his own ship.

Jack took no part in the conversation.

He was too busy working the motor along.

She was dashing ahead, close to the railroad track, and the register indicated a speed of fifty miles an hour.

The boy saw that the stolen locomotive was plunging on rapidly, but the motor was fast overhauling her.

Fritz stationed himself at a window and glanced ahead.

"Look oudt!" he exclaimed, suddenly.

"What's the matter?" queried Jack, in alarm.

"Dere vhas a stream of vater crosses aheth of us."

For a moment the boy's heart beat faster than usual as he saw that the railroad ran over a trestle bridge that spanned a wide stream flowing across the Hurricane's path.

How was he to cross the stream?

He slackened speed.

"Are we blocked?" anxiously asked Tim.

"I think I see a way out of it!" said Jack, rapidly thinking. "How?"

"By running over the bridge."

"Ay, lad, but our wheels won't fit the tracks."

"But they can straddle them and run over the sleepers!" Here was the solution.

No other plan was feasible.

They had to go slow now, for the motor ran up on the track and straddled the inner rail.

The spaces between the sleepers were narrow, fortunately, and the motor jumped and shook frightfully as it ran slowly over them, but she managed to cross safely.

They lost time by the operation, too, for the locomotive gained distance when they slackened speed.

Once on the other side of the bridge they got back beside the track again and sped on once more.

There was a clear stretch of stubble grass ahead of the motor, unbroken by stones or ditches, and Jack increased the speed of the Hurricane to sixty miles.

Along she flew, and in fifteen minutes she was almost up to the roaring and hissing locomotive, when a woods appeared ahead, through which the road ran.

Here they had to get across the track again, and they shot through the woods and came out on the other side close up to the caboose of the locomotive.

The Mexicans were frantic.

They did not expect such a pursuit.

"Stop your engine!" shouted Jack. "Stop it, or we will kill you!"

"Never!" yelled Velasquez. "If you attempt to do us any injury with that accursed machine we shall murder the girl!"

Jack turned to his friends.

"Each one of you single out a man and fire!" he said.

Instantly three rifles were aimed at the Mexicans.

"Ready!" said Tim.

"The girl isn't in the way—fire!"

The three shots struck, and in a panic of agony Velasquez reeled back and fell headforemost from the caboose.

Both the locomotive and the motor shot by him like lightning, and his two friends in the cab screamed with pain.

One of them fell writhing to the floor, and the other rushed out through the forward door alongside of the boiler.

"Stop her!" he screamed a moment later. "There's a train rushing toward us on this track!"

Jack gave a start.

Peering ahead he saw the approaching train several miles away, coming along a distant curve.

There was but a single track between Santa Marina and Fort Buchanan, and by telegraphic communication between the two points the engineers were apprised whether the road was open or not.

The train of the stolen locomotive should have been sidetracked to let the other one go by, and as the coming train left the fort ere the message was wired that the stolen engine was rushing toward it, there was every danger of collision.

Fortunately the curve showed the approaching engineer the danger, and he brought his train to a pause.

"If I don't stop that stolen locomotive it will dash into the standing train and wreck it!" gasped Jack.

"Let me take ther wheel, lad," said Tim, hastily.

"Keep her going till we are close enough for me to board the locomotive. The greaser engineer is lying wounded on the cab floor, and the other fellow don't know what to do."

Tim grasped the wheel and Jack hastened outside.

Ten feet separated the two rushing machines now, but the motor gained on the flying locomotive, inch by inch, till at last it was within two feet of the rear of the caboose.

But at that moment there came a bang under the motor and it shook from end to end and slackened speed.

"What's that?" gasped the professor.

Jack turned as pale as death.

"One of the eccentrics has slipped!" he gasped. "Stop her, Tim!"

In a few moments the motor would pause.

With a look of agony upon his face, Jack glanced at the space widening between the motor and the locomotive. In a flash, there passed through his mind a vision of the runaway locomotive meeting the train ahead—a crash—the wreck—the dying and dead passengers, and——

"I must stop the engine! If I don't the result will be awful!" he gasped, as he saw the impending danger.

Then he gathered himself and made a flying leap for the caboose as it swiftly separated from the slackening motor.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Jack's body struck with a bang against the back of the cab, and he slipped down, but flung out his hands, and his fingers clutched the edge of the floor.

There he hung trailing a moment, and then, by sheer force of muscle, he pulled himself up into the cab.

But he had gained his object thus far.

The Hurricane had begun to stop on account of the slipped eccentric astern of the flying locomotive.

Bertha, the daughter of the Santa Marina station agent, lay on the floor in a faint. Pepe, the Mexican, was reclining against the side of the caboose, suffering from the wound he got, and Mario, his friend, was in the cab door.

He, too, was wounded.

Jacinto Velasquez had been left a mile back on the road, where he had fallen when he got shot, and ahead the boy saw

the train on the same track as the runaway locomotive, standing stock still, a quarter of a mile away.

The boy sprang to the throttle valve to stop the engine, for it was tearing along at thirty miles an hour over the track, that glistened so brightly in the morning sun.

Unless the boy stopped the locomotive in less than one minute, it was bound to crash into the train ahead, and there would ensue a most frightful scene.

Jack was well acquainted with the workings of a locomotive, and seizing the throttle he brought the engine to a pause just as it passed over a torpedo placed on the track by one of the trainmen of the train which had paused.

A terrible accident was prevented by the boy.

The conductor approached, and inquiring how the locomotive chanced to be there, Jack explained the whole matter.

By that time Bertha revived, and, assisted by the conductor, Jack bound the two Mexicans, and laid them in the cab.

"Where is Velasquez?" was the girl's first question.

"He fell out of the cab, wounded, some distance back on the road," replied Jack. "You need have no fears about him now."

"What is to be done about returning this locomotive to Santa Marina, so we can go ahead?" asked the conductor.

"I will run it back," answered the girl quietly, "and I'll take these two prisoners along for punishment, too."

"Can you work the engine?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"As well as my affianced husband, who taught me at different times that I rode in the cab with him," she answered.

"Good! But the track may not be open?"

"There's a key and sounder in this caboose," said the girl. "and if you will tap the telegraph wire I'll soon find out."

She withdrew the instruments from her lover's locker as she spoke, and the conductor tapped the wire.

It was connected with the instrument, and the girl began to click the key, and Jack, being conversant with the Morse code, read the message and answer.

"Locomotive stopped by Jack Wright," telegraphed the girl.

"Is that Bertha?" came the query.

"Yes. Saved by the inventor. Velasquez and friends shot."

"Dead?"

"Wounded. Pepe and Mario prisoners. Velasquez escaped, but will look for him along the road on my return."

"Is locomotive injured?"

"Yes. I will run it back. Is road open?"

"Hand car sent out after you. Wait for it."

"The Fort Buchanan limited has stopped. I'll return as soon as the hand car reaches us. Good-by."

The instrument was detached and the wire repaired.

Jack glanced back, and saw the Hurricane standing beside the track some distance up the road, with his friends all out examining her.

The hand car soon reached them, and the man on it was told the news, whereupon he remarked:

"I passed Velasquez back the road a mile."

"Was he injured?" eagerly asked Jack.

"Wounded, his clothing torn, and his body lacerated, but alive."

"What was he doing?"

"Going away on horseback with several Apaches."

"Then he has made his escape?"

"It looks that way, sir?"

The hand car was made fast to the locomotive, and the men got into the cab with Bertha.

The conductor returned to his train, and the girl bade Jack good-by, and drove the locomotive back for Santa Marina, pushing the hand car ahead of them.

When Jack returned to the motor he found that an eccentric had been slipped, caused by the cutting of the eccentric strap.

Seeing that it could be reset, Jack unloosened the set screws, returned it to its proper place, and tightened the screws up again.

This was done by moving the forward-motion eccentric slowly forward until the backward-motion eccentric was placed below the axle, after which the crank was placed at the back dead-point, and the reverse lever was moved backward and forward.

While the eccentric was slipped, the engine had gone lame, but she was soon repaired, and our friends got aboard again, and the journey toward Fort Buchanan was resumed.

When they arrived there Jack learned from one of the residents where a pass through the mountains was to be found, and they ultimately went through it, and reached the Pacific side.

It was a beautiful morning when they passed Fronteras, the country magnificently green, while the landscape was broken up by hills, creeks, and studded with grape-laden cottonwood trees.

Jack and the professor stood in the pilot-house.

"When I was in this country before, dear boy," said Hopkins, "I heard that years ago the Jesuit priests, recorded in the church books of Bacadehuachy, had gone up in the Sierras, administering the Sacrament to the Tarahumari Indians who were living in caves and cliffs. So you see the parchment you have must have some truth in it."

"The paper speaks of the Mother Mountain as the one of the range in which the treasure lies," said Jack. "Do you know which one of the peaks is designated that way?"

"I do, most assuredly, my Christian friend," replied Hopkins.

"Then I am satisfied. It worried me a little to know which one it was. We are to put the declining sun at our back to find the gorge leading up to the Golden City——"

"I know the pass referred to," asserted the professor, "for I have seen it. Leave it to me to guide you. The ravine is the most dangerous of any about here. It is constantly swarmed by the redskins."

"They won't frighten me. But see—what a curious plant that is we are passing—it is an exquisitely beautiful creeper—the gorgeous white crown must be about six inches long by four broad. Do you know what it is?"

"The better class of Navajo Indians, dear boy, look upon it with great disfavor, for its root can be made into a powerful stimulant, which often ends in madness or death."

The air was filled with doves and fly-catchers, the gorgeous vermilion plumage of the latter fairly dazzling their eyes.

They passed several ranches, built on elevated plateaus, from whence the owners could note the approach of hostile savages, who frequently attacked them.

About forty-five miles from Cochuta the Hurricane was turned to the southeast, went over a plateau, and descended along the banks of the Bavispee River, which it followed to the southward, passing the towns of Opata, Guasabas and Granados.

There were sugar-cane, oranges, limes, and fig trees growing abundantly, the temperature became hot, and the grass had a scorched look.

A fortnight of travel along the river among the mesquites and oaks brought our friends in view of a poor village called Nacory, at the foot of the Sierra Madre.

It was toward nightfall when it was reached, and pointing up at the vast mountain range, the professor exclaimed:

"There's our goal at last, my Christian friends!"

"We will stop at the village and get some information about the trail," said Jack. "It will be best to post ourselves well."

He steered the motor toward the pueblo, and they had not arrived within more than a quarter of a mile of it when they

were startled by hearing a frightful commotion coming from it.

A chorus of wild cries arose in the Opata language, for the inhabitants were mostly half-breed Indians, and then they saw a large crowd of men, women and children rush into view.

They were loudly clamoring, and seemed to be greatly frightened.

"There's trouble going on among them!" exclaimed Jack.

"But I don't see anything wrong," replied Hopkins.

The Hurricane soon reached the village, and upon beholding the curious machine the natives took fright and ran away.

They left two of their number behind, however.

It was a woman and her babe.

The little one lay prone on the ground, and the woman, armed with a knife, was battling with a huge bear which had come down from the mountain and had been in the act of carrying her child off when the villagers attacked it.

CHAPTER XII.

BIT BY A RATTLESNAKE.

As soon as Jack saw the trouble the poor woman was in he cried:

"Take the wheel, Tim, and steer for that woman."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the old sailor, complying.

The boy seized a rifle from its rack and hurried out on the platform with it, when up to the combatants rushed the Hurricane.

Up went the boy's rifle to his shoulder, and aiming at the bear, which had arisen upon its haunches, he fired.

Just then the wheels of the motor went over a stone and spoiled his aim, the bullet missing its mark.

With one blow from its paw the bear knocked the shrieking Indian woman down, and descending on all fours beside her, it was just about to bury its teeth in her head when she stabbed it with her knife.

It recoiled for a moment, growling with pain and rage.

The motor paused, and Jack leaped to the ground close to the monster, when it turned upon him in a twinkling.

Bleeding from the wound given it by the woman, it attacked the boy, who again aimed his weapon at it.

Unfortunately there were no more projectiles in Jack's weapon, and as soon as he found it out he clubbed his rifle and dealt the bear a swinging blow on the head with it.

Again it recoiled, growling and snarling.

The Indian woman snatched up her child and ran away.

Jack had no other weapon with him, and he retreated, upon observing which the bear came lumbering after him.

Fritz just then came out on the platform of the Hurricane armed with a rifle, and upon seeing the danger Jack was in he aimed at the bear and fired.

True to its mark sped the ball.

With a crash it burst in the bear's head.

The beast was literally decapitated, and fell dead at Jack's feet.

"Hurrar fer me vonct!" yelled Fritz excitedly.

The natives had seen the shot and its result, but their fears of the motor vanished gradually when they saw men on it.

With the death of the bear they began to draw nearer, and the professor, being able to speak a smattering of their language, assured them that they had no cause for alarm.

Thus reassured they soon gathered around the Hurricane and began to express their gratitude to our friends for killing the bear.

The Nacoryans were a peaceful race and very hospitable,

but miserably poor, and the professor had a long talk with them.

At its conclusion he turned to Jack and said:

"They want us to make ourselves at home here, and are willing to do anything in their power for us, dear boy."

"Have you said anything about the mountains?" queried Jack.

"Yes. They advise us to keep away from there, as an incident recently occurred that has angered the Indians against the whites very much."

"What was that?"

"As near as I can understand it, some white men were here a week ago, when a band of Apaches came down from the mountain in a threatening manner. They were on the war-path, and the villagers begged for peace, which was reluctantly granted. They had to hold a pow-wow, and smoke the calumet. After that there was a banquet given to the warriors, and considerable mescal was given them to drink. In a short time they were all hopelessly drunk, when the white men set upon them, and captured several, the rest escaping. They were taken out into a ravine near here and shot. The Apaches are now bitterly incensed against all the whites."

"That will make it bad for us," said Jack gravely.

"They have sworn to murder every white man they meet."

"Can we get a guide here to take us up to cave valley?"

"No. The villagers are afraid to venture beyond this pueblo."

"In that case we must go up on our own hook, then."

"Do you intend to remain here, dear boy, over night?"

"Yes. Early to-morrow morning we will ascend the gorge."

The motor had come to a pause in the middle of the pueblo, and Fritz prepared a good supper for our friends.

They had but little water aboard of the motor, but there was a creek near by, to which Jack and Fritz made several excursions with pails, filling up the cask on the Hurricane.

At the last trip Jack went alone.

He had just filled his pail, and turned to walk away, when to his amazement he found himself face to face with a stalwart Apache, who was standing with folded arms and scowling face.

The Indian was regarding the boy with a fierce expression.

His approach had been so silent that Jack did not know he was there until they came face to face.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack. "Where did you come from?"

The Indian made no reply.

But his burning, fierce glance plainly showed that he was in an ugly frame of mind.

Imagining that the savage did not understand him, Jack was about to pass on, when the Indian seized him by the arm.

"Wait!" exclaimed he, in moody tones, in Spanish. "Red Jim would speak."

"Ah! You speak Spanish, then?" asked Jack, in Castilian.

"Little," replied the Apache. "Why you come here?"

"I am going up into the Sierra Madre after gold."

"No. You not can go there."

"Why not?"

"Apaches don't want it."

"We don't belong to the crowd who killed your friends."

"No difference. All white man alike. One do wrong to us, we kill all."

"That's a bad plan, Red Jim."

Instead of replying the Apache drew a tomahawk from his belt and aimed a blow at Jack's head with it.

He designed to cleave the boy's skull in two.

Raising the water-pail the young inventor warded off the blow.

The keen edge of the tomahawk smashed the pail to pieces.

"You are a murderous dog!" said Jack, in angry tones.

Red Jim raised his weapon to strike again.

His jet-black eyes were aflame, his nostrils dilated, and a sinister look was upon his copper-colored face.

Before he could strike, however, a rattlesnake, lying in the grass, bit him on the calf of his leg.

It felt like the sharp puncture of a needle.

Red Jim glanced down and saw what it was.

Instantly he lowered his tomahawk and a frightened look swept over his face, for he felt that he had his death-wound, so rapid and malignant is a rattlesnake's bite.

"See there!" he groaned, pointing at the reptile.

"You are doomed!" said Jack, curtly.

"Can you do anything for poor Indian?"

"I can save you."

"Do!"

"Lie down."

Red Jim lay on the ground.

"Got a knife?" queried Jack.

"Here!" said the Apache, handing him one.

"Can you stand great pain?"

"Anything!"

"Very well; don't flinch now," said Jack.

He cut a piece of flesh out of the Indian's leg around the wound.

It bled profusely, but the Apache did not utter a sound.

He glanced with stoic fortitude at the operation.

Quick as rattlesnake's venom is to act on the human system the boy had cut out the poison before it got into Red Jim's blood.

Instead of suffering death the redman would now have only the pain of his flesh-wound until it healed up.

Handing him a handkerchief, Jack said:

"Keep washing it out. I will go and fetch you some medicine."

He left the Apache bathing the wound, and returning to the coach he procured some bandages and salve, told his friends what happened, and then went back to Red Jim.

The boy dressed his wound.

"I have returned good for evil!" he exclaimed.

"And I will not forget it," said Red Jim, gratefully.

"Go home now and keep quiet till you are well," advised Jack.

"You help me on my burro?"

"Where is it?"

"In bushes, there!"

The boy aided the limping brave to mount a little burro he found in the place indicated, and the warrior rode away.

Jack returned to the motor, and everything having been fastened up for the night, Tim was left on guard and all turned in.

The night passed by and just as day dawned the professor, who had relieved the old sailor on watch, awakened the boy, crying:

"Jack! Jack! Here comes Jacinto Velasquez!"

Out of the stateroom into the pilot-house rushed the boy, half aroused.

"Where is he?" was his eager query.

"See there!" replied Hopkins, pointing out the window.

The boy glanced out.

A troop of Apache warriors were approaching in full feather, led by the Mexican and a chief.

By exposing Jack's plan to raid on the Golden City of the Sierra, the Mexican had enlisted the friendship of the redskins and joined them to further his own schemes.

Mounted on mustangs, the wild horde came galloping up.

"Arm yourselves, boys!" cried Jack to all his friends who now were in the turret. "We are going to have a hard struggle, I fear."

CHAPTER XIII.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

On came the troop of redskins dashing through the main street of the pueblo, the frightened inhabitants flying into their houses to get out of the way.

A shower of arrows and spears came flying through the air and rained upon the Hurricane like hail.

Jack turned the motor around, facing the coppery horde.

The shutters were pulled down over the windows, but the boy peered through the loop-holes in them and saw the Indians approach.

He had his pneumatic gun already loaded.

Aiming it at the oncoming horsemen he fired a shot, and with a terrific explosion the projectile burst against the foremost pony and spread destruction around.

The flying particles struck several of the nearest braves and their mounts and killed them on the spot.

Brought to a pause by this terrible reception, the rest of the band gave utterance to a wild yell of terror and retreated.

Away they dashed at full speed.

"I'm going to pursue them," said Jack. "I am going to make an impression upon them they will never forget, and when we get in the mountains the rest will fear us."

He started the engine in pursuit of the redskins, and drove the savages pell mell out of the town.

They made for the foothills of the mountains.

"Looks ter me," said Tim, "as if they wuz goin' aloft."

"Und I tink dot dey vhas frightened alretty," said Fritz.

Jack fired another shot at them.

It whistled through the air with a tremendous scream, and striking the ground in their midst, burst like a bombshell.

Several more of the Apaches fell.

Velasquez had thus far escaped injury, and being mounted on the best beast, he rode on in advance of his friends, the redskins.

The rascal saw that the magnetic motor was more to be feared than he imagined at first, and he was striving to escape.

Jack's friends were armed with rifles, standing at the windows, and driving the motor up to the scampering band he sent it flying among the savages, who scattered right and left.

"Give it to them!" he cried.

His friends began to fire, and man and beast fell like chaff before the gale as the destructive bullets began to explode.

"They came to sweep us off the face of the earth!" the boy muttered, grimly, "but I've turned the tables on them!"

Frantic by this time the desperate Apaches retaliated with the rifles and pistols they possessed.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack! resounded their shots on all sides, but not a leaden ball had activity enough to pierce the metal walls of the motor.

Shot after shot was sent back by Jack's friends.

The savages had scattered now so that a projectile from the gun would not have had much effect and was not fired.

Soon the ground became very rough, and upon going down the slope of an elevation the boy suddenly observed a mass of timber ahead through which ran a stream.

The Apaches headed for it full speed.

In through the timber plunged their ponies, and upon reaching the water-course they entered it and swam. Carrying the Mexican and the remainder of the band across, they reached the opposite embankment in safety and fled on.

The Hurricane could not cross the stream.

Jack brought her to a pause, in disgust, and said:

"I never thought I'd have to go over streams, or I should

have constructed my engine with a boat-like body. This is aggravating. They'll escape me now."

"Vhy yer didn't put wings by der motor?" growled Fritz.

Jack leveled a spyglass ahead and remarked:

"I see a tremendous ravine ahead there and the Apaches are heading their ponies for it. Can that be our course, Hopkins?"

"Positively, dear boy," assured the professor.

"Shiver me, lad, then why not get across the stream an' go right on?" asked Tim. "'Tain't no sorter use a-goin' back ter ther town."

"But where can we go to get across?" blankly asked Jack.

For miles up and down the stream they saw no means of getting on the other side, but the keen eyes of Jack soon rested on a large number of logs floating in the stream.

"There's our only means of getting on the other side," he remarked, pointing at them. "We had trouble enough while coming here to cross the various streams we met with. We must build a raft and ferry the machine across."

He ran the Hurricane down to the shore, where they all alighted.

Fortunately they had ample means on hand to fasten the logs together, and the four, setting to work, soon improvised a rude raft.

The stream was about five hundred feet across.

Had the Hurricane not been extremely light, on account of the kind of metal it was made of, they could not have managed it, but now, however, they soon got it upon the raft.

Long poles were then cut and they contrived to ferry the motor and themselves to the other side, by which time the Apaches had disappeared in the distance.

As soon as they were safe on terra firma upon the other side they found the trail of their enemies' ponies.

"The motor can pass over almost any ground they can," said Jack. "So we can do no better than to keep on their trail now."

"It's a long and rough journey," observed the professor.

"Lor' save yer, sir," broke in Tim, "this ain't nuthin' ter ther trip I had when I wuz in the United States Marine Corps."

"You certainly could not have passed over much rougher ground than this?"

"Didn't I, though!" retorted Tim, spiritedly. "Waal, I kalkerlate I did. We'd landed near Charleston. Thar wuz a full regiment on us, an' ther enemy set fire ter ther grass ter cut off our pursuit. But we kep' right on ower ther hot ground. Ther soles o' our shoes wuz burnt off, but we kep' right on. Then ther soles o' our stockin's went, but we kep' right on. Then our feet got blistered, but we kep' right on——"

"Didn't you lose your leg that way?" blandly asked Hopkins.

"No," replied Tim. "We wuz all such hard drinkers we wuz fireproof."

The motor followed the Indians' trail under Jack's guidance, and several hours passed by, the scenery becoming more rugged and wild as they left the foothills behind.

They reached the gorge at sundown.

It was a bleak, desolate-looking place, as gloomy as a dungeon at day, and ten times worse at night.

The searchlight was started when the motor ran into it, and the actual ascent of the mountain began.

Above them stretched an infinite succession of ridges and plateaus, covered with huge, pine forests, the steep slopes in the valleys covered with pine needles as slippery as glass, while here and there resurrection plants spread over the damp rocks and gloomy cliffs like huge mats.

Occasionally they met with ruins of square buildings of stone, clay and plaster, having a white, spectral look; several deserted pueblos were encountered, and here and there

they saw numbers of trincheras, or stone terraces built across the small valleys.

Fritz prepared supper, to which our friends did justice, and as there was no sign of water in the canyon they were glad to use the water procured at the pueblo.

Toward nine o'clock Jack stood steering the motor ahead, when suddenly he observed several shadowy figures go flitting through the radiance from the searchlight.

"Indians!" he exclaimed, in startled tones.

His friends all looked out the windows and saw them.

They were mounted on ponies and dodging in and out of the light like will-o'-the-wisps, as silently as ghosts.

The boy turned the lever around, increasing speed, the broad cogwheels clinging to the rocky ground and dragging the motor after them with irresistible force.

Faster went the motor, and faster rode the silent Apaches.

"Their silence looks suspicious," said the professor.

"As I know they are treacherous," answered Jack, "it is a fair warning for us to look out for rascality from them."

He turned the searchlight around suddenly and swept its glow down the canyon over the road they were pursuing, when, to his surprise, he beheld a score of savages in pursuit.

They were stealing after the motor as silently and rapidly as the rest were leading it on, and the boy saw that they were hemmed in.

"Look back there!" he exclaimed.

"Wot in thunder can them lubbers be plannin'?" queried Tim.

"Dey don't vhas been doin' dot for notings," muttered Fritz.

Jack now swayed the light around again, but to his utter amazement he observed that the Indians in advance had vanished.

Another more dangerous sight met his view.

It was a wide chasm ahead, running across the canyon, and the motor was rushing straight toward it.

"There's their game!" said Jack. "See what they were luring us on."

"Stop the Hurricane!" nervously implored Hopkins.

Jack turned the lever to insulate the armature and put on the brakes, but to his amazement the machinery kept on working and the brakes failed to act upon the flying wheels.

"I can't stop her!" gasped the boy. "Something is out of order!"

The Hurricane was now dangerously close to the yawning abyss, and kept plunging straight ahead toward it!

CHAPTER XIV.

BLOCKED IN THE DEFILE.

A chill of intense horror passed over every one upon hearing what Jack said, for they saw the terrible chasm plainly revealed by the searchlight, yawning ahead of them.

The desperation of their situation might have been modified if they had plenty of room in which to manage the Hurricane; but at that point the rocks on each side were so close that there was no room for the motor to turn around and run back.

Should Jack turn it to the right or left, going at such a high rate of speed, she would inevitably crash into either wall and very likely go to pieces.

With no course to pursue save going ahead, destruction by a flying leap into the yawning abyss seemed inevitable.

"Fritz! Examine the machinery!" shouted the boy.

Not waiting to answer, the Dutch boy dashed away to comply.

"What are we to do, dear boy?" groaned the professor helplessly.

"There's a desperate chance!" replied Jack grimly. "Only one."

"And that?"

"Find the side passage and turn her into it."

"You think that's where the Indians disappeared?"

"I do. There could be no other way for them to vanish."

He had called to mind what the parchment said about the gorge being cut in two by an abyss—that there was a side pass leading around it, and imagined that this was the place mentioned.

All he could now depend upon was the existence of this passage, and he turned his eager glance upon the walls and flashed the searchlight there in quest of it.

Nearer and still nearer to the brink of the gulf dashed the motor, until at last they were within ten yards of it, when suddenly a cry pealed from the boy's lips.

"Here it is now!" he exclaimed.

"Wot?" demanded Tim.

"The side passage."

"Hurrah! We ain't dead yet!" yelled Hopkins, wild with relief.

With a turn of the wheel Jack sent the coach spinning off to the right, and it dashed into a wide, dark opening in the wall.

The searchlight showed this aperture ran at a curve.

Along the arm of the gorge it ran, and they heard a wild yell of chagrin peal from the Indians bringing up the rear, who had been fondly expecting to see the motor go plunging over the precipice down into the black pit athwart its course.

"Tim, keep a lookout ahead!" cried the boy.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the old sailor, going to the front windows.

"Professor, you take charge of the searchlight."

"Depend upon me, my boy."

On went the Hurricane, sweeping around a vast curve, and our friends in the turret heard Fritz back in the stateroom pounding at the machinery, the defect in which he had found.

"Injuns athwart our bows, sir," said Tim.

"Mounted?" asked Jack.

"Aye, an' under full sail, too."

"Show them up, Hopkins."

"In one moment," replied the professor.

Around swept the searchlight, and it glimmered upon the warriors who had so craftily lured the Hurricane along the canyon to its doom.

Discovered and defeated in their project, they fired a number of shots back at the motor from their firearms, but the singing pellets of lead did no harm.

"Hello, Fritz! Have you found out what the trouble was?" shouted Jack, as the Dutch boy's pounding ceased.

"Yah! I tink so. Vun of de bolts in der brake glamps vhas gone, und I vhas put me in anudder alretty."

"What's the matter with the armatures?"

"De insulation pads vhas lost."

"Did you get a new one from the cage?"

"Fer sure. In vun minutes I vhas feenish alretty."

The pounding went on again.

Plunging ahead, the motor rounded the curve, and came out in the vast gorge again, on the other side of the chasm.

"There's proof that the old manuscript is true!" said Jack.

"Aye, aye, lad! An' so must ther rest on it be so, too," replied Tim.

"Der prake vhas all righd somedimes!" yelled Fritz just then.

"Good! Go on with the insulator so I can stop her."

"Is she moving? How she vhas going?"

"All righd, but—"

Bang, bang, bang! went the hammer again.

The roadbed became so rocky and uneven that the motor now began to rattle and shake.

A few moments later the insulator was fixed, and Fritz came back to the pilot-house, joining Jack, with the remark:

"You vhas been able to stop her now."

The boy did so, and then asked:

"What was the matter with the machinery?"

"Vell, der rupper cap vot goes ofer der ends of der magnet is fast to der flange, und der joint of it vhas got unbolted, so I had ter got me a new bolt, und drove it in in blace of der vun vot's lost."

"How did it get unbolted?"

"Der nut vhas come unscrewed. Dot prake vhas bolted to dot insulator flange, yer know, und so soon as dot bolt vhas lost, der prake don't vork also."

"Is it in good order now?" asked Jack, starting the motor again.

"Yah! She don't got oudt of order never alretty."

The boy swayed the searchlight around, but failed to see any of the Apaches now, by which he concluded that they feared the terrible firearms carried on the Hurricane and wanted to keep out of range of them.

The defile they were following now became very narrow. The perpendicular walls of the canyon rising up hundreds of feet above their heads.

With a sad and mournful sound the wind came moaning through the gorge, and afar in the distance they heard the cries of night birds and prowling beasts, alarmed by moving Indians.

The mountains were nine thousand feet high, and although this canyon did not reach the top, it led to their destination before the break of day.

None of the four had any sleep that night.

It was just as day was dawning when they arrived in sight of what looked like a huge wall of rocks, cutting off the end of the canyon, broken down in the middle.

There was a narrow pass in this opening, through which the motor could squeeze, and when they flashed the searchlight ahead in the opening, they saw that it led into a vast valley.

No doubt this was the valley of caves.

"Once we are through that defile," said Jack, "our trip will be near an end, for I am convinced that the golden city lies beyond that wall in the great plateau we can see marked out there."

The professor examined the parchment.

Rudely outlined at the bottom of it were the diagrams which mapped their course, and they saw that the course they had been pursuing agreed exactly with the map.

It was fair to infer by this, then, that they had made no mistake about coming up the gloomy canyon.

Within a short space of time the motor reached the rocky wall and passed into a defile, when all of a sudden a tremendous chorus of shouts arose above them.

Jack glanced upward, and saw that the rocks swarmed with savages who had sprung from their coverts, and now began to hurl the loose rocks down at the Hurricane.

They struck with blows like thunder.

A volley of violent shocks made the motor shake all over, as the rocks and stones came flying down in showers, bombarding her like so many cannon balls on all sides.

"They will smash her to pieces unless we drive them back," exclaimed Jack, in the utmost consternation. "Get some bombs."

Tim and Fritz went back in the cage.

Shortly afterwards they reappeared, attired in their metallic suits, and each one armed with baskets filled with hand grenades.

Sufficient light now streamed down from the gray sky to

let them see what they were doing, and opening the door of the turret they went out on both decks and began to fling the bombs among the savages who were hurling the rocks.

With reports like the discharge of artillery the grenades burst against the rocks, and the cries of the Apaches told plainly how disastrous the fusillade had become.

Their missiles suddenly ceased to descend, and they fled, leaving many of their friends injured behind them among the rocks.

Fast and furious flew the grenades.

Loud and fierce were the ensuing explosions.

Deep and agonizing were the yells of the wounded savages.

Onward rushed the motor, and battered and dented, yet unbroken, she reached the end of the defile, when there sprang into view a mass of hundreds of savages to bar her entrance into the valley.

The defile became choked up with the swarm, all of whom were armed with clubs, rifles, arrows and spears.

In an instant the Hurricane was among them, when they came swarming upon her, and Tim and Fritz retreated inside.

It was impossible to force the motor ahead through that compact mass of humanity, and Jack was forced to bring her to a pause.

The Apaches now began to batter the Hurricane on all sides in an effort to force an entrance to the inmates, against whom they were now most bitterly incensed.

CHAPTER XV.

WITHIN THE CAVES.

Jack knew that the motor could withstand a certain amount of rough usage, but after that might succumb to the Indians' assault.

His greatest fear was that the machinery underneath might be ruined, and he hastily put on a metal suit and told Hopkins to do the same.

In these rubber-lined suits they were perfectly insulated.

Moreover, there was not a piece of loose metal upon that motor that was susceptible to the attraction of the huge magnet.

On the other hand, everything was capable of being electrified.

A curious scene was occurring outside.

The gravitative force of the electro magnet was affecting the steel weapons in the hands of the savages.

So enormous was the power of the magnet that whenever a knife or rifle barrel loosely handled came within close enough range of the magnet, it was caught by the invisible force and wrenched from the hands of the Apaches.

Drawn to the magnet almost with the speed of bullets, they stuck under the coach with sharp clicks, and adhered to the horseshoe.

Many of the Apaches were thus deprived of their weapons, much to their astonishment and our friends' amusement.

Jack, having donned his suit, turned one of the levers from one brass disc to another, and thus communicated all the electric force of the batteries to the shell of the motor.

In an instant everything became electrified, and the bare feet of the Apaches touching the deck received the shocks.

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued.

Tingling as if pricked by thousands of needles, they yelled, and made haste to get as far away from the unbearable motor as possible, as they imagined it was getting red-hot.

Bismarck and Whiskers felt the current inside of the Hur-

ricane, too, and, squawking and howling, they flew up on the chairs.

Jack then leveled the gun at the crowd ahead and fired it.

With a terrible howl the projectile shot from the gun and cut a passage through the ranks of the savages before it finally exploded, wounding and killing many more.

They had heaped a huge pile of tree trunks across the entrance, the top of which the shot carried away, and as the motor ran up to it they brought her to a pause.

She could go no further.

Nor could she back away from it, owing to the number of men lying in back of her, the bodies of whom obstructed the wheels.

"Unless we get those tree trunks away we can't go on," said Jack; "and there is no possibility of backing far enough off to blow them to pieces with the gun. We will have to clear the way with a bomb planted under the obstruction."

He shut off power and left the wheel in Fritz's care.

Going to the ammunition box, he took a conical cylinder from it. This was filled with horrorite, as his patent high explosive was called, and fastening an electric wire to a binding post in the end of it, he sallied out on the platform.

The electricity impregnating the shell of the motor had driven all the savages away, and he descended to the ground.

Approaching the barricade, he thrust the bomb in a crevice among the logs, and was about to return to the Hurricane when several of the savages got between him and the motor.

He had no room to defend himself where he stood, and saw that he could not go back to the motor.

In order to have plenty of room to move about, he clambered upon the barricade, and was about to spring over on the other side, when a dozen of the redskins on the plateau ran for him, and he pulled out a pistol.

As soon as they were near enough Jack opened fire on them, and sending half their number to the ground, he brought the rest to a sudden halt.

"Fritz!" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

"Vot's der matter?" replied the Dutch boy, from the motor.

"Turn the battery lever and blow up the barricade!"

"Vhas you oudt of der vay alretty?"

"Yes. Hurry! The savages have seized the electric wire and may destroy it before you can explode the bomb."

"All righd! Look oudt!"

The current was sent over the wire.

Boom! roared the explosion the next instant.

When the cylinder burst it carried the logs up into the air, torn to fragments, and killed the Indians near it.

The obstruction was gone in a moment.

Jack glanced at it, and one of the Apaches flung a war club at him, the missile catching him in the neck.

Over he fell like a log.

Before Jack could arise a number of the savages pounced on him, a lariat bound him in a twinkling, and he was a prisoner.

"Help!" shouted the boy desperately.

His friends heard him shout, and Fritz sent the machine flying ahead into the immense basin; but one of the savages caught the boy up, and ran with him for an opening in the face of the cliff, into which he dashed, pursued by the monitor.

The opening into which the Indian carried him was only just big enough to admit a man, and the Hurricane was therefore unable to follow the boy and his captor.

It came to a pause at the opening.

The rest of the Apaches now fled in all directions over the plateau, and disappeared into various cracks and crevices in the face of the cliffs surrounding the basin.

"Shiminey Christmas!" gasped Fritz, as he drove the motor out of the defile into the basin. "Dey vos got Shack!"

"Aye, lad! I'll folly him!" cried Tipi, stumping toward the door, as the Hurricane came to a pause opposite the aperture

into which the boy had been carried. "If nobody don't lend ther lad a helpin' hand them 'ere redskin pirates 'll founder him."

"Hold on!" interposed the professor, detaining the excited old sailor. "Don't do anything rash. You can't save him unaided."

"Then, blast it, heave along wi' me!"

"Don'd yer do id," said Fritz. "If yer do, der both of yer vhas got killed."

"Shiver me, lad, yer don't 'spect as I'm a-goin' ter stand idly by an' see Jack Wright git scalped, do yer?" growled Tim, indignantly.

"No," replied Fritz; "und I vhasn'd goin' ter stand by und see your pald het git schkalbed also, neider."

"What is to be done about it, then?" helplessly asked Hopkins.

Without the young inventor they were like a ship without a rudder.

None of them knew just exactly what to do.

The sun arose on a clear, beautiful morning, and observing the remains of a ruined city lying in the middle of the place, Fritz drove the machine over to it.

They found it to be the wreck of what might have been a beautiful village, but the houses were not built of gold, as they quite expected to find them, but were made of stone.

The walls of the rugged cliffs surrounding this oval valley were covered with vegetation and towered fully five hundred feet above them.

Within the ruined city, however, they found two great shafts sunk in the ground, and it did not require the golden particles lying scattered around in quartz crystals to apprise them that they were the two lost mines, Vajuopa and Tayopa.

Within the bosom of the earth beneath them there lay buried a fabulous fortune in gold.

Yet what good did it do them?

It seemed as if their trip was a useless one.

With the valley so overrun with savages, who jealously guarded the mines as their own and resented the ingress of white men to a reservation in which they dwelt for centuries, it seemed an almost hopeless task to attempt to wrest from them what our friends came in quest of.

There was a legion of the Apaches in the place—an army of the most uncivilized and ferocious savages in the world, and to venture outside of the now battered-up motor was as much as the lives of our friends were worth.

Fritz steered the motor over to the walls again, presently, but there were so many openings honey-combing the cliffs that it was almost impossible to tell into which one of these the boy had been carried, as no trail was left on the flinty ground.

How to get at the boy to lend him their aid they did not know.

Descrying a larger opening than the rest, they decided to risk sending the engine into it on a tour of inspection.

Accordingly, Fritz steered her through the aperture into a cavern.

They no sooner had gotten in, however, when there sounded a thunderous crash in back of them.

Glancing around, to their dismay they saw that a cyclopean boulder, which had been wedged above them in the opening had fallen down, and now closed up the only opening big enough to give the Hurricane exit, which they could see.

"Prisoners!" gasped the professor.

"But this are a mighty big cave, an' thar may be more entrances," suggested Tim, taking a chew of plug and glancing around.

"I vhas start her ahet vonet," said Fritz.

He did so, and keeping the searchlight blazing, they saw

that they were within an enormous cavern, stretching away inside of the cliffs so far that the other walls were invisible.

The Hurricane rolled ahead through the gloomy, stifling place, and her crew, peering out the windows, kept a keen glance fastened ahead to see where they were going.

But they did not see any sign of Jack or his captors.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

The Indian who carried away the young inventor had entered a wide crevice in the rocks, the floor of which was smooth from much use, and pursued it some distance.

He finally emerged into a most beautiful cavern of pure white crystal, the walls decorated with magnificent stalactites, a spring of pure, cold water spurting up like a fountain in the middle of the place, while all around, upon stalagmite pedestals, stood hundreds of stone coffins or sarcophagus.

They were covered with deer, buffalo and beaver skins in the capacity of couches, upon which reclined a number of Indian women, smoking calumets and sleeping.

As soon as the warrior entered with his burden they aroused themselves and a babel of voices arose in their own tongues as they plied the plumed brave with questions.

Their papposes added to the clamor with their yells, the half-grown children lying around upon the floor aroused themselves, and in a few moments a perfect pandemonium ensued.

It was gradually angering the panting Indian, and he struck one of the more obtrusive women, knocking her down.

She bounced upon her feet like a cat, and seizing a spear from the floor she rushed at the warrior, with its point aimed at his bosom, when several men came through an opening in the wall.

One of them saw the woman's action.

He was a big man, of majestic mien, with a large head-dress on, and evidently a personage of some importance.

Uttering a guttural shout he stopped the spiteful squaw just as she was upon the point of plunging her fatal weapon into the warrior.

Instantly, upon the entrance of these men, the noises ceased as if by magic, and Jack glanced at the newcomers.

To his surprise he saw Jacinto Velasquez with the Indians.

The Mexican seemed to be upon the friendliest terms with the savages, with whom he was conversing in their own tongue.

Seeing the boy inventor lying helpless upon the ground, he eagerly approached to see who Jack was.

A look of devilish exultation overspread his face when he observed the boy's identity, and bending over him he hissed, in Spanish:

"Por el demonio! This is luck, indeed!"

"Well, you are well established here!" sneered Jack.

"True, senor, true. I shall at last avenge myself on you."

"A chance to do so lies in your power, no doubt."

"It does. The chief of this tribe is absent, compadre, and his young brother, who commands in his stead, is my good friend, who now has cause to hate you as much as I do."

"Well, I've given you and his men cause to dislike me."

"Do you know what it leads you to, senor?"

"Death, I presume."

"Very true—death in its worst form—lingering—horrible—"

"Perhaps you suggest burning at the stake?"

"Exactly so. That shall be your fate to-night."

"If my friends don't rescue me."

"Carramba! How can they? Already they are demoralized at your capture, and are searching the plateau for you."

"And they will find me," said Jack, confidently.

The Mexican scowled and bared his teeth and hissed, savagely:

"Sooner than let you escape with your life, I would die!"

The Indian chief now spoke to the Mexican, and a long conversation ensued between them, after which two of the warriors picked the boy up and carried him away.

Following a gloomy tunnel that pierced the wall, they brought Jack into another huge cavern, brightly illumined by an opening in the wall which ran along a great distance, some distance above the level of the valley.

A cry of intense amazement pealed from Jack's lips.

He saw by the glaring sunlight that the great cavern was an abode of the ancient cave-dwellers, for it was filled with houses.

But such dwellings!

Pure gold!

There was no mistaking the color of that metal.

Strange-looking houses they were, too; rather small, and pierced by many windows, the metallic walls carved with beautiful scrolls and quaint designs of birds, animals and flowers, so true to nature that they looked as if animated.

Placques and bass-reliefs of various designs were over the arching doors and windows, and the most delicate tracery of filigree around the slender spiral posts supporting the sills.

Every piece of the precious metal was molded with a skill unrivaled by the most famous artisans of civilization at this modern period, and the joints were so artfully made as to defy detection upon the closest inspection.

Here and there, throughout this strange, buried city of the Tarahumari cliff-dwellers, arose several colossal pyramids and obelisks, the latter carved all over with hieroglyphic inscriptions exactly like the characters used in writing the parchment that led Jack Wright to this strange place.

At the top of each obelisk, however, there were cut figures resembling the faces of men, surmounted by images of the sun, showing plainly that the idolatrous race revered the orb of day, and offered sacrifices to it upon the pyramids.

These sacrifices were doubtless human beings, who were burnt to death to appease the savages' god.

In the middle of the Golden City of the Sierras there stood a magnificent temple, with a dozen arched entrances, the roof supported by rows of massive pillars, emblazoned with peculiar devices, such as the obelisk shafts bore.

There was a small open square in front of this elegant structure, with a slender pole of solid gold arising from the smooth, stony floor, the top of the pole bearing a human skull.

Where it joined the earth arose a small, obsidian altar, and Jack's captors laid him upon it and tied him to the pole.

He was so tired from being awake all night that he began to doze, careless of what his fate might be.

The two Indians remained guarding him.

Seating themselves upon the front steps of the magnificent temple, they began to converse in low, guttural tones.

Jack fell asleep.

In the face of death he slumbered as sweetly as a child.

The boy did not awaken all day, for nothing occurred to disturb his slumbers save the ingress of birds that flew through the silent city with subdued cries.

No one came to relieve the sentinels, who remained at their posts like statues; and the time passed on.

A thick coating of dust covered everything.

With the fall of twilight the birds disappeared and great black bats succeeded them, while thousands of little lizards of the brightest green, speckled with crimson dots and other reptiles of the same kind but different color, made their appearance.

Some had gauzy wings like a fly.

They ran all over everything, showing signs of timidity at the slightest sound, as active and harmless as our crickets.

But there were more dangerous denizens of this isolated place, tarantulas and poisonous centipedes.

One of the latter creatures ran around near one of the Indians and he drew a flask of whisky from a pocket of his buckskin pants and poured a circle of liquid around the centipede.

Then he touched a match to the liquor and the alcohol in it igniting, flared up in a bright flame around the creature.

It dashed frantically at the fire upon all sides, and upon finding itself imprisoned by the flame, with no chance of escape, in desperation it stabbed itself in the head, killing itself, thereby showing that it is the most desperate of creatures.

This incident seemed to amuse the Apaches greatly.

The twilight deepened into the gloom of night.

With a start Jack awoke.

He heard the hum of many voices, and beheld the glare of scores of torches that lent a weird aspect to the scene around him.

The square was swarming with Indians.

All around they stood, glaring at him, armed to the teeth, and their chief standing in the portico of the temple beside Jacinto Velasquez.

There were a number of Indians in back of them.

In front of the altar was a medicine man of the tribe, chanting a dirge-like incantation, and beside the boy stood two warriors.

As soon as the medicine man had finished his droning ritual the braves seized the boy rudely, pulled him upon his feet and lashed him to the golden post with numerous hide thongs.

Then they went away and returned with their arms full of fagots which they piled around him up to his chin.

"Your time has come!" he heard the Mexican shout.

"Do they mean to burn me to death?" questioned Jack, with a sinking sensation of heart, as he watched these proceedings.

"That is to be your doom. My revenge will then be complete."

"I shall meet my fate like a man!"

"Ah, but the fire will burn, sear and scorch. How I shall enjoy your agony!"

"Fiend! But—tell me—my friends——"

"Have deserted you!"

"It seems so!" groaned Jack.

The chief said something to one of the warriors, who thereupon seized a torch and applied it to the fagots piled up around the boy.

They caught afire and the smoke and flames leaped up around Jack's body.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JAGUAR FIGHT.

The occupants of the Hurricane were very much worried over the disappearance of Jack, and resolved to go as far through the great cavern with the motor as they could, in search of him.

They had no light except what flowed from the windows and out of the searchlight; but it was so strong that the vicinage of the motor was illumined a great distance around.

Fritz retained control of the wheel and the professor stood out on deck, on lookout, with a rifle in his hand, while Tim remained beside the Dutch boy.

In this manner they were proceeding ahead when the professor suddenly shouted:

"Look out! There's water ahead!"

It was a limpid lake, fed by springs, and there was plenty room to go around its borders, so Fritz steered the Hurricane to the right.

They had just arrived at a mass of rocks that were cropping out of the lake when Hopkins uttered a shout.

"Stop the motor!" he cried.

"Vot's der matter?" asked Fritz, in alarm, obeying him.

"Look ahead and you'll see!"

The Dutch boy did not see anything but a level stretch of sand, as white as snow, ahead of them, the front wheels of the motor having gone upon it.

But he soon realized the danger they were in.

The front part of the Hurricane began to sink.

"Och, Gott! Yot iss dot?" gasped Fritz, in amazement.

"Back water!" roared Tim. "We've run afoul o' a bed o' quicksand!"

And he had divined the truth, for the forward part of the motor was at that moment sinking in the treacherous spot.

Fritz reversed the machinery, the big driving wheels began to revolve rapidly, and after a severe fight against the tenacious clutch of the sand on the wheels the motor was drawn back.

"Gwicksand!" exclaimed Fritz, breathlessly. "Vot's dot?"

"Why, yer thick-headed swab, we'd a-sunk in it!" said Tim.

"In dot sand?"

"Aye, aye!"

"Come away! I don't vant none of your stuffin'."

"He isn't fooling you, dear friend," interposed Hopkins.

The Dutch boy shot the searchlight upon the quicksand, and saw an apparently level but moist expanse of it running back from the shore of the lake in the gloom beyond.

"Dot vhas look innocent enough," he remarked.

"Aye, but if yer'd attempt ter navigate through it," remarked Tim, "thar would be one Dutch lubber less in ther world. I reckerlect one time I wuz a-crossin' a marshy field one dark night, an' floundered inter one o' these 'ere quicksand beds. I sunk up ter my whiskers, and I grew so hoarse a-yellin' fer help my voice failed me."

"Und yer vhas vent down?" queried Fritz sarcastically.

"Aye, aye!" assented Tim, expanding vigorously. "Down I went till thar wuzn't nuthin' but ther top o' my bald figger-head a floatin', when wot d'yer think happened?"

"You vhas died," said Fritz, in disgust.

"No foolin'," sharply answered Tim. "My feet touched bot-tom, an' all I had to do wuz ter dig ther sand away from my mouth so's I could breathe. I don't know how long I'd a-stayed thar if it wuzn't fer a balloon——"

"A balloon?" echoed Hopkins, querulously.

"It wuz a-passin' by with a drag rope having a grapnel on the end of it, an' that 'ere grapnel hooked inter ther collar o' my coat, an' ther balloon goin' on dragged me out on dry land. I unhooked myself, walked home, an——"

"Yer oughter died, den," dryly said Fritz.

"Wot! Don't yer believe me?"

"No!"

Tim believed the story, so he sneered at the Dutch boy's ignorance, and made disparaging remarks, at which Fritz merely grinned.

The motor was turned around the edge of the quicksand bed, and they followed it for some distance, until a complete circuit of it was made, when an opening was seen in the wall ahead, through which the light of day streamed in.

Here the motor came to a pause, and Tim alighted to go and examine the aperture, and to find out, if possible, where they

He stumped over to the opening and peered through.

With one glance of his solitary eye he observed that the cavern at this point was fifty feet above the level of the valley below.

Not a soul met his view.

The valley had a peaceful, deserted look.

Yet there were hundreds of Apaches lurking about the place, he knew very well—a bloodthirsty crowd that craved their lives, and in whose power they then were, after a fashion.

Up to the present moment they had not seen any sign of an opening in the wall big enough to give egress to the Hurricane to the plateau again.

Tim glanced around the cavern.

He saw a number of huge, white, circular objects standing along the wall, just out of the sheen of the searchlight, and with his curiosity aroused he stumped over to them.

To his amazement he found that they were gigantic balloon-shaped vessels, fourteen feet high, twelve feet in diameter, with a four feet wide opening at the top.

They are called "ollas" by the Mexicans, and were made to hold grain; their construction consisting of coils of grass rope, plastered outside and in, to a thickness of eight inches, with porphyry pulp.

In the side of the one nearest to the old sailor there was a large hole broken through, and he peered in.

Two glaring, fiery eyes met his view.

Scarcely had he done so when there sounded a frightful scream, and something shot out of the vessel and struck him such a violent blow that he was knocked over and over.

Down he fell, rolling upon the floor.

"Help! Help!" he shouted wildly.

He got up a moment later, and heard a snarl.

A shiver of dread passed over Tim, for he now saw that the animal which had taken refuge within the jar was an enormous jaguar.

The creature was crouching down, glaring balefully at Tim, its tail lashing its flanks, and its fur bristling.

It was at least six feet in length, and very handsome.

But that it was fully bent upon tearing him to pieces Tim had not the slightest doubt, as he fastened his eye on it.

The monster was a most dangerous foe to attack, even if a man was armed with a good repeating rifle; but to Tim's alarm he did not have even so much as a pistol.

With nothing but a long-bladed dagger in his belt, he saw that he would not be able to cope with the jaguar unless he was favored by extraordinary good luck.

His heart palpitating tumultuously, he drew his only weapon, never removing his glance from that of the beast.

The jaguar crouched between Tim and the motor, so there was not much chance for the old sailor to get back to a place of safety on the Hurricane.

"Fritz! Professor! Save me!" he yelled.

He saw his two friends appear at the window looking out at him, and then the jaguar sprang through the air.

Placed at a disadvantage with his wooden leg, the old fellow was not as quick to move about as he should have been, and therefore did not get out of the way in time.

Foreseeing that he would come in contact with the beast, he presented the keen point of his knife towards it as it leaped, and the creature was pierced.

A horrid yell escaped it.

Then its claws struck Tim, and he was knocked down again, with the wounded monster on top of him.

His clothing was torn by the fearful claws, his skin was lacerated, and the breath was knocked out of his body.

"Help! Help!" he cried again, at the top of his voice.

He now saw Fritz running toward him.

But the jaguar's ugly face was close to his own, its fierce

glittering eyes were balefully watching him, and his lips were drawn back, displaying a formidable array of white teeth.

In the lurching of its body, the jaguar had torn the knife handle from Tim's hand, and the blade remained sticking in the ghastly wound in its neck.

Tim was now utterly defenseless.

He uttered a groan of anguish, for it seemed as if his doom was sealed, as the jaguar was greatly incensed against him.

"Dim! Dim! Where vhas yer?" roared Fritz.

The old sailor essayed to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and a deathly pallor overspread his face.

He knew that Fritz saw the jaguar, even if he didn't see him, by which, he argued, if he was to get help, it was not necessary for him to speak.

Moreover, it was manifest that if he moved or uttered a syllable it would hasten the fatal attack of the jaguar, and seal his doom all the quicker.

He closed his eyes as the beast's hot breath fanned his cheeks, unable to bear any longer the fearful suspense he was in, and nerved himself to meet his death as calmly as possible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

The desperation of Jack Wright's position was intense in the extreme, for the fagots piled up around his body ignited with a rapidity that was startling, and the flames and smoke enveloping his body his heart sank like lead.

All along he had buoyed up his courage with the hope that his friends would search for him and come to his rescue ere his enemies could burn him at the stake.

Now, however, that cherished hope fled.

His enemies began to chant and perform a death dance around his funeral pyre, and he began to gasp and choke and sting all over from the heat of the fire.

Then all hope fled.

"I am doomed, indeed!" he groaned.

Through the dense clouds of smoke he saw the jubilant reds prancing around the stone altar and golden pole to which he was fastened to perish.

His aching eyes then wandered away to the face of Jacinto Velasquez, and he saw a diabolical grin of fiendish delight contorting the dark face of the young Mexican gambler.

Velasquez's hour of triumph had arrived.

He was gloating like a demon over his victim's sufferings.

Soon he began to taunt the boy.

But Jack did not reply.

He paid no heed to him.

His present suffering was too great to have it augmented by the jeers and jibes of his malignant enemy.

Stifled by the smoke, which now curled up in vast clouds around him, he coughed and choked, gasped for breath, and his muscles began to twitch convulsively.

The pain from the fire increased every moment, until it seemed as if he could not stand it any longer with any degree of fortitude.

Yet when he thought how it would please the Mexican to see any sign of weakness on his part, he schooled himself to bear his misery in silence at any cost.

The Apaches saw what he was undergoing.

In their estimation his endurance of such torture without so much as a groan made him a very brave person, and they openly expressed their admiration of his courage, despite the vengeful feeling they had against him for injuring them.

Poor Jack's brain began to swim.

His fortitude brought such a strain on his mind that he was fast lapsing into unconsciousness.

Faster and fiercer burned the heap of fagots, until the flames began to singe the boy's hair and lap his face.

The suffering he underwent was beyond description.

But right in the midst of it there sounded the hasty clatter of mustang's hoofs, and into the square dashed an Indian, mounted on a fiery little pony.

His attire proclaimed him to be chief.

With one keen glance he took in the scene, and a cry pealed from his lips—a cry of anger that made his braves tremble.

Leaping from his mustang beside the burning pyre, he kicked the fagots right and left, tore a knife from his girdle, cut Jack free, and pulled him away from the post.

Everybody was astonished at this, and a murmur ran from mouth to mouth among them.

"The chief! The chief!" they cried.

Revived to a realization of what was going on by his violent and sudden removal from the heat, Jack fastened his burning, feverish eyes upon the chief.

"Red Jim!" he gasped in amazement.

It was the Indian whom he had saved from death from the rattlesnake's bite.

The man was the head chief of all the redskins who swarmed in the Cave Valley, and had shown that he was grateful to the boy for what he had done.

He turned a frowning, wrathful glance upon his men.

"Maledictions upon you all!" he cried, his black eyes flashing and his bosom heaving as he drew himself up. "Why have you dared to burn a white prisoner at the stake during my absence?"

A death-like silence followed.

No one dared venture to speak.

They all saw how enraged the chief was.

Jack had no time to recover himself, and although he did not understand a word of the Apache's language, the eloquent, suggestive tones and gestures plainly told him what was implied.

Pointing to Velasquez, the boy said, in Spanish:

"He is the cause of my misery."

The flashing eyes of the chief were fastened threateningly upon the Mexican.

"Who is this man?" he asked in Spanish.

"A man who has sworn to kill me," answered Jack, in the same tongue.

"Ha! 'Tis, then, a case of vengeance?"

"For that reason he has joined your men."

"Hold!" interrupted Velasquez. "You defame me!"

"He lies!" angrily cried Jack.

"'Twas to warn you he was going to invade this valley with a strange machine, and rob you of your gold I came," said the Mexican.

"His plan was to get it himself when he balked me!" cried Jack. "He is a bad man, Red Jim, a very bad man."

By this time the subordinate chief recovered his wits.

"Why do you defend the paleface boy?" he asked Red Jim.

"Because I owe him my life," was the curt reply.

"You do not know how many of our braves he has killed?"

"No; but I am convinced that he would not have done it unless they gave him provocation."

"They simply were defending this valley against his invasion. You yourself ordered them to keep all palefaces away!"

A look of anger crossed the chief's face, for he saw that the other chief was endeavoring to reprimand him, and it touched his dignity and pride to hear his scathing remarks.

The other chief was jealous of Red Jim, and wanted to succeed him as the head chief of the tribe.

"It makes no difference," sternly said Red Jim, scowling at the other. "The boy is my friend, and shall be protected."

"Not while he kills our warriors as he has done."

Red Jim might have conceded this, under other circumstances.

But he was obstinate now against his own convictions.

He did not intend to let his rival try to dictate to him.

"I wish to hear no more about it!" he thundered.

"But you shall," coolly replied the other.

"Dog! Remember I am your chief."

"You have proven yourself a traitor!" hissed the other.

This was more than Red Jim could stand.

He became half insane with rage.

Withdrawing his tomahawk from his belt, he flung it at the other.

Through the air it whizzed like a shot.

The keen blade struck the other chief at the top of his forehead, and sinking into his skull stretched him dead on the ground.

Every one of the spectators were awe-stricken.

For a moment intense silence ensued.

Red Jim glanced around at his people.

"Such is the fate of all rebels!" he thundered.

No one answered him.

"If any one does not approve of my actions, speak!" he continued.

Still no reply.

"But one word more," Red Jim went on. "This boy and his friends are my friends. The first one who harms a hair of their heads shall perish as that traitor died!"

Jacinto Velasquez turned deathly pale.

He saw that the tide of fortune was turning against him.

Red Jim pointed haughtily at the wretch.

"Seize that man!" he cried.

Two warriors obeyed him with alacrity.

"Bind him to the golden post!" said Red Jim.

This, too, was done.

"Heap a bundle of fagots about him, and set fire to them!"

A yell pealed from the terrified Mexican.

"Spare him!" implored Jack.

Red Jim shook his head.

"No!" he replied. "He was the friend of my bitterest foe! He must die!"

The Indians heaped the fagots around Velasquez.

"Pity me!" the Mexican yelled, frantically. "Spare me!"

Red Jim walked away.

"Go on with your work!" he said.

Then he beckoned to Jack to follow him, and glad to escape from the harrowing sight, the boy obeyed.

They passed into the golden temple.

Shrieks, curses and groans from Velasquez reached Jack's ears, and he heard the fire crackle.

It was evident that the Apaches were burning him.

A shudder of the most intense horror passed over the boy, as he, having gone through the same ordeal, could appreciate the man's misery to its fullest extent.

He closed his ears with his hands to drown the horrid sound.

"God help the wretch!" Jack muttered, pityingly. "Yet he had no mercy on poor old Apache Bill when he stabbed the poor fellow to death in the Wrightstown woods, and afterward tried to kill me and my friends. Perhaps, after all, this is a just retribution for his crimes!"

Bursting inside of the monster's body, the ball tore a hole in the beast and caused it to bound high up in the air.

It came down with a thud and rolled over and over.

"I'm safe!" gasped Tim, arising, bathed in a cold sweat.

"Dim! Dim! vhas you det?" yelled the Dutch boy.

"No; but I'm speechless, lad," returned the old sailor.

Again Fritz fired a shot at the struggling and writhing jaguar, and this time the savage beast was blown to pieces.

Tim now joined Fritz.

"Dod seddles id!" said the latter.

"Wot?" anxiously asked Tim.

"I vhas doomed!"

"How?" the sailor asked.

"To hear some more of your lies."

"I ain't never told a lie in my life."

"Dot's der biggest vun yer efer dolt."

They were both so glad over the old fellow's escape, though, that they did not argue the question long, but returned to the motor.

Hopkins was told what occurred, and he exclaimed:

"'Pon my word, you're lucky to come back with a whole skin."

"I ain't brung back no skin at all," modestly replied Tim.

"Why, yes, you have. I mean——"

"Beg parding, professor; Fritz blowed ther hull hide o' ther beast ter pieces!" interposed Tim, boarding the Hurricane.

"I meant your own skin," said Hopkins.

Fritz started the motor again, and they finally came to an opening in the wall on a level with the plateau.

Steering the Hurricane into it, she passed almost all the way through, when, with a sudden shock, she stuck fast.

There she was wedged in the narrow passage, defying all their efforts to move her either back or forth, and they spent several hours in an ineffectual attempt to get her out.

"There is only one way to do now," said Hopkins, at last. "We must blast away the rock to release the hubs of the wheels."

This plan was carried out, but it was late in the afternoon before they managed to get the motor out of the uncomfortable position in which it had become lodged.

She ran out upon the plateau.

Every one of the three by this time had become downhearted.

The protracted absence of Jack filled them with alarm.

Secretly they thought he had been murdered by the Apaches, yet they did not mention this suspicion.

Where to look in the great caverns for him none knew, for not a sign of any of the Indians had been seen.

The motor made a complete circuit of the sunken valley, but only perpendicular walls were encountered on all sides, except where they made their entrance.

High up on ledges and in the open mouths of natural caverns they saw numerous houses built by the cliff-dwellers, but saw no signs of the Golden City.

The professor had not been idle during their trip around the valley, for in spite of their danger he frequently left the motor to pick up relics, photograph objects, take observations and examine the rocks and plants.

Among the most curious things he found were bone needles, mats, baskets, mat girdles, threads of fibre, hair sandals and a boomerang such as the Moquis Indians use for rabbit killing.

Night fell upon the valley.

The Hurricane had paused among some trees and our friends partook of a frugal supper without saying a word to each other.

Fritz lit his pipe, and leaving the motor, he examined all of her outside machinery as closely as he could.

Everything was in good order.

The car of the motor was excessively battered up by the

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTOMBED WITH A SNAKE.

The peril Tim was in was soon observed by Fritz as he went hurrying toward the snarling jaguar, and the Dutch boy raised his rifle and, aiming at the beast, fired.

bombardment of rocks she received from the Indians, but nothing was broken and Fritz was satisfied.

He sat down beneath a tree and took Bismarck from his pocket to fondle him.

It was a dead oak and very much decayed.

Above his head he heard a clock-like noise, and glancing up he was surprised to see a large bird.

It was two feet in length, its plumage, black and white, with a gorgeous scarlet crest, very brilliant to behold.

The bird was one of the largest woodpeckers in the world, and its peculiarity was to feed upon one tree a fortnight at a time, thus causing the tree at last to fall down.

Fritz was amazed at the size of the bird, and reached for a pistol to bring it down, when with a sudden lurch the decayed tree fell over on him, and Bismarck uttered a scream.

It was soft and yielding, but it dealt the Dutch boy a blow sufficiently hard to knock him spinning into a mass of bushes.

To his amazement he went crashing through them into a hole in the ground, and felt himself falling through space.

A yell of alarm pealed from his lips and he crushed through some bushes. Then he struck the bottom of the pit.

"Donner vetter!" he roared, as myriads of stars danced before his eyes. "Vher I vhas? Who's der matter? Vot habbened?"

A yell from Bismarck aroused him.

It was pitch dark down in the hole.

Fritz scrambled to his feet, and lighting a match he held it up.

By the tiny flame he saw that he had fallen into a dried-up well, the sides of which were overgrown with rank shrubbery.

This discovery was no sooner made when he heard a hiss.

"Shnakes!" roared the Dutch boy, aghast.

Bismarck flew up in the air to the top of the level, fifteen feet overhead, and disappeared from view.

Fritz looked up after him, when to his horror he saw a large rock-snake coiled around a sapling overhead.

It had its baleful, beady eyes fastened upon the fat boy, and had reared its head with anger, for Fritz had struck it as his body came crashing through the shrubbery, arousing its anger.

Had not the interior of the well been overgrown with this shrubbery, though, Fritz might not have had his fall broken, and could have met with a serious accident.

He held up the match as long as it would burn, and then ignited a piece of dry wood he found lying in the bottom of the well, for he did not have another match with him.

Should his light go out now he saw that he would be placed in a most frightful position in the darkness, with that huge, dangerous reptile unseen above his head.

The horrible thing might come down in the darkness and attack him, and in the gloom he would not be able to see it, but would have to give it battle in the dark.

In case of such an event transpiring the boy felt sure of getting killed by the loathsome object.

He glanced down for a moment and saw that although there were plenty of leaves and pieces of wood in the bottom of the well, they were all so damp that they would not ignite.

That meant a terrible ordeal as soon as the stick he then held was burnt out, and he glanced at the reptile again.

It was lowering its head toward him like a rope, the neck gracefully curved, the forked tongue darting in and out of its mouth and its small, jet eyes now fairly blazing.

Fritz groaned aloud.

None of his friends knew where he was.

Never dreaming of looking there for him they would not know where to look for him to lend their aid.

With a shiver of dread, as he saw the rock-snake's head descending, he recoiled against the wall and thrust the burn-

ing brand up at the snake, when, with a double hiss, it recoiled.

Up to the overhanging bough it drew its long, sinuous body, and a sigh of relief burst from the frightened Dutch boy's lips.

He watched it closely and saw it remain quiet for several moments entirely out of his reach.

Fritz could not climb up the shrubbery of the well without passing the monster, and dared not attempt it for fear it might bury its fangs in his body.

Meantime the burning stick was fast dwindling away, and he saw that it could only last about five minutes longer.

He raised his voice in a shout for help.

But his voice sounded dull and smothered down in that dismal hole, and he knew that his friends could not hear it.

Still he kept on shrieking at the top of his voice.

Smaller and still smaller became his tiny torch.

No one answered his wild, appealing cries, and presently the light on the stick sputtered and went out.

Deep, dense gloom filled the well.

Then Fritz's most intense fears arose.

He could see the circular patch of dark-blue sky overhead and against it were outlined the dark forms assumed by the shrubbery lining the smooth walls of the well.

The rock-snake remained invisible and Fritz crouched back against the bottom, his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

Presently a long, dark object dropped down toward him again, the long, squirming outline looking dark and gloomy.

Nearer and nearer it came and touched his cheek.

Poor Fritz uttered a terrible scream and beat it away with his hands.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Red Jim led the young inventor into a huge room in the temple, the roof supported by grand columns of gold, grotesquely carved and chased with strange devices.

In the middle of the apartment there was a fountain of natural spring water spurting up into the air in a beautiful basin; around the floor, in various places, magnificent cactus bushes grew up, and in niches in the walls pine-knot torches were blazing smokily, lighting up the scene.

It was a place of barbaric splendor, for at one side there was a raised dais on which stood an altar, and upon it was a solid globe of polished gold, five feet in diameter, to represent the sun which the Tarahumaris worshipped.

The Apaches came to a pause at the foot of the stairs, and motioning the still faint boy to be seated, Jack flung himself down and looked questioningly at the chief.

"I have shown my gratitude," said Red Jim, moodily, after an interval of silence, and he used the Spanish language fairly well, as he saw that Jack understood it perfectly.

"You have been very kind to me," admitted the boy.

"But you have killed many of my warriors."

"I had to do it."

"Well, it makes me feel very bitter."

"Why did you bring me here?"

"To get away from my people, and ask you to leave here."

"Remember, I have come hundreds of miles for your gold."

"But my people resent your intrusion."

"I cannot help it. In my motor I am more powerful than they."

"Will you not leave and stir up no insurrection?"

"Conditionally, Red Jim."

"I have avenged you on your enemy."

"He was a murderer and deserved death."

"What are your conditions?"

"I prefer to depart in peace, but want as much of the gold from this city as my engine will carry away."

"Is that all you want of it?"

"Yes."

"And you will depart in peace?"

"Gladly."

"Your wish is granted. But I fear to trust you."

"Why?"

"Once you carry away one load of the metal, now that you know the way here, you may return with an army of soldiers and fight and exterminate my tribe to get the rest."

"Have no such fears. I will keep my word."

"Do you swear it by the great Manitou?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall trust you. One so brave must be honest."

Jack was delighted at this arrangement.

The Hurricane was capable of carrying five tons of the metal, which, if of a good quality and well refined, would bring over two million dollars if sold in civilization!

"Will your people molest us if we do this?" he asked.

"Not after I explain the case. They must obey me," proudly said Red Jim.

"Then to-morrow we shall be here and take away the gold."

"Good. And I shall point out the portion you can have. Now, remain here until I speak to my warriors. When I return I shall accompany you to your strange wagon and to-morrow you may leave us in peace."

"You are a better man than most of your tribe."

"I am grateful. We are noble. My men are wild and untutored, and only fight for their rights. From constant enmity and cruelty they have come to regard all white men their mortal foes. I have been educated by a missionary at the reservation. That is why I am a wise leader for them."

He left Jack to inspect the beautiful temple, and returned to his people, whom he harangued for some time. When he finally returned he wore a pleasant smile.

"Well?" queried Jack, in eager tones.

"My people will do my bidding," he replied.

"Splendid! And may I go now?"

"Yes. Come with me."

"But I do not know where the motor is."

"Have no fear. I do. It has constantly been watched by my people."

He led the boy from the city of gold by a tunnel in the wall leading downward, and they presently reached a solid wall of stone at the end of it.

Red Jim gave it a push.

It worked on a pivot, and opened like a door, giving them egress to the plateau, not far from where the motor stood.

"There is your wagon," he said, pointing at it.

"Where shall I find you to-morrow?" queried Jack.

"At the door from whence we just emerged."

"Good night!"

The chief waved his hand and stalked away.

Jack watched him a moment, and then approached the motor.

"He is a good fellow!" he muttered. "His gratitude saved my life."

Tim and Hopkins gave a yell of delight upon seeing the boy come aboard safe and sound, and the next moment they were heartily shaking his hands.

In a few words he explained what happened, and in return learned what they had been doing.

"But where is Fritz?" he asked, looking around.

"He went out a few moments ago, dear boy, but will return soon, no doubt," said the professor.

They waited a few moments, when suddenly there came a voice crying:

"Jack! Jack!"

"Hello!" said the boy, with a start. "Who's that?"

"Come here! Come here!"

The boy opened the door, and peering out saw Bismarck perched on the handrail at the side.

"Why, the parrot has broken loose!" said the boy.

He reached out to grasp Bismarck, when the bird hopped away.

Jack followed it to the ground, but the wise creature flew away to the bushes through which its master fell, and cried:

"Papa's down here! Papa's down here! Poor papa! Pretty papa!"

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Jack, approaching.

The boy observed the hole in the ground amid the bushes, and taking Bismarck's words for granted he peered down.

Just then Fritz yelled for help.

The boy heard him, and realized that he had fallen into the hole.

Running back to the motor, praising Bismarck for his sagacity, the young inventor procured a long rope, and explained what he had discovered to Tim and Hopkins.

The professor accompanied Jack to the old well, and Tim remained behind on guard of the Hurricane.

Upon reaching the well they found the faithful parrot still sitting among the bushes, growling:

"Papa's down here! Papa's down here!"

Lowering the rope into the aperture it reached Fritz.

Touching his cheek, he had been deceived into the belief that it was the rock snake which had been menacing him.

"Fritz!" shouted Jack. "Catch this rope!"

The frightened young Dutchman heard him and realized that the object he took for a snake was really a good stout rope, and he instantly seized hold and convinced himself of the fact.

"Shack! Shack!" he bawled gleefully.

"Yes, Fritz, it's me! Got the rope?"

"I tink so. But shust send me down some matches vonct."

Jack dropped several down.

Eagerly Fritz grasped them, and igniting one he held it aloft, and looked for the rock snake, but it was gone.

It had been frightened into its hole by the fiery stick the Dutch boy had jabbed at it, and was now invisible.

Seeing that he could now get past the place where it had been lying, Fritz fastened the rope around his body.

"Hoist away!" he cried cheerily.

Jack and the professor dragged him out of the well.

He was pretty near exhausted when he reached the surface, and had not entirely recovered from the effects of the fright he had over the appearance of the rock snake.

It was some time ere he recovered sufficiently enough to speak, and then it was only to give away to an incoherent jumble of delight over the safe return of Jack.

He explained to them after that what had occurred to him, and when they told him what his pet had done to save his life his joy knew no bounds.

Grasping Bismarck up in the excess of his joy he kissed the parrot again and again, whereupon Bismarck became offended, and catching him by the nose gave him a severe bite.

Fritz yelled for his friends to take the parrot away, and then changed his honeyed praises into such a violent tirade of abuse that the bird sought safety, flying back to the motor.

They followed him, and the adventures they passed through affording them a topic for conversation, they sat up half the night talking the matter over, after which the watch was divided, and, separating, two of them retired for sleep.

Jack and Hopkins remained on watch.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LOAD OF GOLD.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Jack entered the pilot-house of the Hurricane, and putting her in motion, he steered her across the valley to the cliffs.

Although he had told Red Jim that he would be at the stone door in the cliff, he did not know where to find it, and might have spent a long time looking for it, if he had not seen the chief standing near the spot.

Steering the motor up to him, the boy brought it to a pause, and passed outside on the platform.

"You have been waiting for me, I see?" he remarked, in Spanish.

"Since sunrise," replied the chief, in the same language.

That was two hours previous.

It showed what stoic patience the Indian had.

"Are you ready to fulfill your promise?" asked Jack.

"At once," replied the chief.

He pushed open the stone door, and, to Jack's amazement, a file of Indians, who had been waiting within the passage, came out, each one carrying a wicker basket filled with huge golden ingots.

"Hello! What does this mean?" cried the surprised boy.

"I have saved you the labor of gathering the gold," replied Red Jim quietly. "You and your friends can take the baskets and store them away on board of your singular wagon."

Jack called his friends, and forming a line, the baskets were taken from the Apaches one by one, and were passed along inside of the motor and stacked away.

In this manner the Hurricane was soon laden with tons of the precious metal.

More of it came, but when the cage, pantry and state-room were stacked with it, the boy refused to receive any more.

With a greater load the Hurricane would inevitably break down, so, reluctant as the boy was to refuse the rest of the gold offered to him, he had to do so for discretion's sake.

The motor could not carry a pound more than she then bore, for her broad wheels were already sinking in the ground.

"Enough," said the boy at last. "The motor is filled."

"Are you going now?" demanded Red Jim.

"There is nothing to keep us here any longer."

"You will keep faith with me?"

"Positively; and so will my friends. You are a good man, Red Jim. I have always been led to believe the Indians were a savage, cruel race, against whom the hand of every white man should be raised; but I find instead that you are a people of noble sentiments and high minds, made savage by being hunted like wild beasts and robbed of your possessions."

The chief became greatly agitated upon hearing this.

He warmly grasped Jack's hand and pressed it.

"You are one of the few whose heart is in the right place," he remarked, excitedly. "Go among your nation and tell them what you have just said to me. Let my people be known for their good qualities as well as their bad. And now, farewell."

Jack took this as a request to depart.

He boarded the motor with his friends, and they entered the turret, started the machinery, and ran out into the big gorge again.

It was much easier to descend the mountain than to go up, and the motor, though heavily laden, behaved well.

They had not gone far, however, before they became aware that a troop of the Apaches were following them on mustangs down the canyon.

At their head rode the chief.

"See there!" said the boy, pointing back. "They are following us as an escort to the plains below."

"Bless me!" remarked Hopkins, "that man was grateful for the service you rendered him. I have seen a phase of the redskins' character hitherto unheeded by the white race."

"I tink so, neider," added Fritz, lighting his pipe.

"Ye kin blow me now," said Tim, "but them 'ere redskins ain't a-goin' along in our wake fer nuthin', my lads. If they 'spected as we'd have clear sailin' they wouldn't heave along."

"What do you imply by that?" asked Jack.

"Thar's danger ahead, I'm sure."

"From what?"

"Outlaws or reds, mebbe."

"Just my impression, Tim."

"Den I exbect dot ve vhas keeb a outlook!" said Fritz.

The motor pressed on, and, still followed by the Apaches at some distance in the rear, they reached the foothills late in the afternoon, and then the cause of the Indian escort became apparent to our friends.

Below them in a valley there was an encampment at which the young inventor directed his glass, whereupon he saw that it consisted of a large body of Mexicans.

The faces of several of them looked familiar to Jack.

"I recognize them now!" he exclaimed. "They are some of the men who attacked us in the pueblo to which the professor was carried from El Paso."

"Dose Abaches must haf knowed dot dey vhas dere," said Fritz.

"No doubt, as they have spies out all over," replied Jack.

He took control of the wheel.

Just then Tim, who was watching the Mexicans through a large field glass, gave utterance to a cry of surprise.

"Lord save us, they're armed wi' cannons!" said he.

A look of intelligence flashed over Jack's face.

"Now I see what their plan is!" said he.

The others looked at him inquiringly.

"What do you mean, dear boy?" asked Hopkins.

Jack uttered a laugh.

"When Jacinto Velasquez got among them," said he, "the rascal very likely organized this gang, and made a rendezvous with them here. His plan must have been to get up to the Cave Valley, locate the gold, then escape the Indians. Then he evidently intended to join this crowd, swarm up the canyon, and lead them to the plateau, carrying everything before him with those mountain howitzers."

This idea seemed plausible.

In order to proceed, Jack had to send the motor straight through the Mexicans' encampment.

He fearlessly drove the Hurricane ahead, and the sentinels of the encampment espied it as it appeared on the crest of an elevation over the encampment.

The whole camp was aroused, and several of the howitzers were swung into position and loaded.

A few moments later a thunder of reports pealed from them, and the shots came flying up at the Hurricane.

Jack brought her to a pause.

"We can't go on without losing our lives," said he.

"Why don't yer fight ther lubbers?" growled Tim.

"I shall. Here come the Apaches."

None of the shots fired struck the motor, but several of them burst around her in dangerous proximity.

"There are the Mexican's friends," said Red Jim, galloping up to the motor. "We hoped to aid you to pass them, but against such big guns we are powerless."

"You knew they were Velasquez's friends, then?" asked Jack.

"I did. That is principally why I caused his death. He designed to learn the secrets of Cave Valley, lead them up

and destroy us to get the precious metal from the Golden City of the Sierra."

"Have no alarm. I shall exterminate the rascals," said Jack. "Watch them, Red Jim, and you will soon see them perish."

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

There was a ring of determination to Jack's tones, which impressed the savage chieftain with confidence in the boy's ability to carry out his threat.

Jack had no time to waste in words, however, for the bombs bursting from the Mexicans' ordnance were threatening to demolish the motor at any moment.

The pneumatic gun was loaded.

Carefully aiming it at the row of guns operated by his enemies, Jack discharged a shot at them.

Away whistled the cylinder through the air.

It had been accurately aimed, and struck its mark.

There sounded a terrific explosion, a cloud of dust and dirt flew up in the air, and when it cleared away the Apache chief saw that the Mexicans' guns were blown to pieces, and several of the men with them.

"Wonderful!" he muttered. "Such an engine of war I never saw before. The boy must be more than natural."

Jack saw that he had spread consternation among his enemies, and a grim smile played over his face.

The Mexicans were hastily mounting their horses.

Again the boy aimed the gun.

A volley of rifle shots came up from the Mexicans, but they did no harm to the motor or its occupants.

"Watch that crowd huddled together there!" shouted the boy.

Then he discharged the gun.

It was accurately aimed.

The projectile struck among the Mexicans with a sullen roar, and burst, scattering destruction among them.

Such firing was more than they could stand.

Cries of horror pealed from the remainder of the gang, and turning their mounts down towards the plains below, they rode away at full speed.

A shout of delight pealed from Jack's friends.

"Foller dem vonct!" yelled Fritz excitedly. "Don'd led 'em get away."

"The motor is too heavily laden to do so," replied Jack.

"Thar ain't no need," said Tim. "Looker thar!"

The Apaches, with a chorus of yells, started their ponies off down the hill at a furious gallop, and with waving spears they rode down the hillside like a cyclone in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, led by Red Jim.

On and away they went, a yelling horde, bent upon wreaking vengeance upon the rascals who had designed to slay them, and their fleet-footed mustangs rapidly gained on the others.

Sweeping along as impetuous as wildfire they reached the plain below, and went off in hot pursuit of the Mexicans, who rode away for dear life.

From the crest of the hill Jack and his friends watched the furious charge of the bucks, and saw them soon catch up with their enemies.

In a moment there arose a cloud of dust as the Mexicans and Apaches came together.

Pistol shots, shouts and flying mustangs soon made up a fearful scene as the Mexicans turned upon their pursuers and gave them fight.

A terrible battle ensued.

It lasted a long time.

Jack started the Hurricane ahead.

"Not one of those Mexicans will escape!" he remarked.

"I hope not, savage and cruel as the wish is," replied Hopkins.

When the Hurricane reached the plain they came to the stream they once had trouble to cross, upon the banks of which the fight was going on, and followed its border.

Soon about half the Apaches rode by, not one of whom escaped getting wounded.

They silently lowered their spear points as a salute in passing, and our friends saw that their girdles were ornamented with the gory scalps of the exterminated Mexicans.

They soon disappeared up in the canyon, leaving half their numbers behind them, slain; but not one of the Mexicans escaped.

Jack then started the Hurricane on its homeward trip.

They had to proceed slowly on account of the load on the motor, but they finally got through the mountains to the eastward side without accident, and then made for El Paso.

Upon reaching the frontier the papers furnished them by the Mexican government gave them free passage through.

In due time El Paso was reached, and here the gold was packed in cases, and the Hurricane was taken apart.

Their trip in the motor was ended.

It was packed up along with their apparatus, and with the gold was put aboard of a northbound train.

And they went with it.

Upon arrival at St. Louis the gold was sold, and they realized a larger fortune than they anticipated, which was divided up among them, as usual.

Bankrupt as Jack had been he now had retrieved his fortune.

Then they went on to Wrightstown, where they arrived in due course of time, with the monkey and the parrot and all their effects, without further accident.

The professor here left them and returned to New York, delighted with the fossils and relics he had picked up on the trip.

Jack Wright's object had been accomplished, and the Hurricane was stored away for future use; our friends were happy and contented, and they soon settled down in the regular routine of their lives again.

In the meantime the boy had invented a newer contrivance while away, and as soon as he had leisure, assisted by Tim and Fritz, he set to work putting it together.

Engaged thus, we must leave them a while, and as this story is finished we must bring it to

[THE END.]

Read "LITTLE MAC, THE BOY ENGINEER; OR, BOUND TO DO HIS BEST," by Jas. C. Merritt, which will be the next number (215) of "Pluck and Luck."

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